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GIVEN BY

Charles F. Atkinson.

THE  
BLACK SWAN  
AT HOME AND ABROAD;

OR,

A Biographical Sketch

OF

MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD,

THE AMERICAN VOCALIST.

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PHILADELPHIA:

WM. S. YOUNG, PRINTER, REAR OF 50 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

1855.

that in quiet & retirement  
at home very much I feel  
unhappily will reach, without  
such dreadful sacrifice of  
as the man had up with it  
again on the vent of one or 2  
more friends that have come on  
have been produced great excite-  
ment which is very annoying &  
they cannot possibly do me any  
good. Oh may do not come, but  
perhaps want for the weekly (if  
there were but food & then fellow  
men) when no person else would  
follow. "They shall be no more  
out from". I greatly try to  
hear from him & you & to  
learn of anything that in any way  
affects your welfare. I sent you  
1570 the 10th day, & you let it  
I have also intended to see up  
Christian friends to visit & write to  
you in your deep affliction. I have  
no doubt some of them at least will  
help the cause. I hope you can get  
new aids, the people to be. I will try  
to send you of food comfort. May all  
your ailments be found with in the  
"look of life".

THE  
BLACK SWAN

AT HOME AND ABROAD;

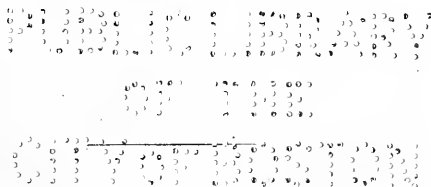
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1855.

they in all have the happiness  
 & certainty in fl. of religion, thus the  
 earnest prayer of your affectionate  
 husband & father

John H. H.

O.S. I cannot name a right si-  
gn, but I knowed or know  
the only way, nor a more  
dear or dearful as to have  
I wanted the return of warm  
sun, sun - a cloudless sky;  
But I knowed me so sensible  
that this is not for me,  
that in this world you have  
in a body, place or looking  
out. To last, my wife  
may I always have seen  
you

See page 75

Nov. 9

back  
Charles F. Atkinson.

May 16, 1905

## Biographical Sketch

OF

# MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD.

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“Hope is a better companion than fear;  
Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;  
All will be right,  
Look to the light.  
Morning was ever the daughter of night;  
All that was black will be all that is bright.  
Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up.”

MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD, or the “Black Swan,” to adopt her musical agnomen, was born at Natchez, Mississippi. She was born in bondage. Her father was a full African; white and Indian blood flowed in her mother’s veins.

When but one year old her mistress, Mrs. Elizabeth Greenfield, removed to Philadelphia, and joined the Society of Friends, manumitting the few slaves whom she had not previously accompanied and comfortably settled in Liberia. Several of these would not be separated from their beloved and venerated mistress, and among them her especial favourite, the gifted subject of these pages.

In 1844 her mistress died, at the advanced age of nearly one hundred years, and in her will Elizabeth was remembered by a substantial legacy, sufficient to make her comfortable for life; but the will was contested, and yet remains the subject of judicial investigation.

Previous to the death of her mistress, Elizabeth had become distinguished in the limited circle in which she was known for her remarkable power of voice. Its tender and thrilling tones often lightened the weight of age in one who was to her beloved as a

mother. How deeply she grieved that she could receive no culture from art. Neither the remarkable compass of her voice, nor the wonder of her high and low notes, nor the proffer of thirty dollars per quarter, when the standard price was ten, could induce a Professor to include her among his pupils. The admission of a coloured pupil would have jeopardized his success.

By indomitable perseverance she surmounted difficulties almost invincible. At first she taught herself crude accompaniments to her songs, and intuitively perceiving the agreement or disagreement of them, improvisared and repeated, until there was heard floating upon the air a very "lovely song of one that had a pleasant voice, and could play well upon a"—guitar.

There dwelt in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Greenfield a physician, humane and courteous; capable, too, of distinguishing and appreciating merit and genius, under whatever prejudices and disadvantages they were presented. His daughter, herself an amateur in the science of harmonious sounds, heard of Elizabeth's peculiar structure of mind. Miss Price invited her to her house. She listened with delighted surprise to her songs. She offered to accompany her upon the guitar. This was a concurrence of circumstances which formed the era of her life. Her pulses quickened as she stood and watched the fair Anglo-Saxon fingers of her young patroness run over the key board of a full-toned piano-forte, eliciting sweet, sad, sacred, solemn sounds. Emotion well nigh overcame her; but the gentle encouragement of her fair young friend dissipated her fears and increased her confidence. She sung; and before she had finished she was surrounded by the astonished inmates of the house, who, attracted by the remarkable compass and sweetness of her voice, stealthily entered the room, and now, unperceived, stood gathered behind her. The applause which followed the first trial before this small, but intelligent audience, gratified as much as it embarrassed her, from the unexpected and sudden surprise. She not only received an invitation to repeat her visit, but Miss P., for a reasonable compensation, undertook her instruction in the first rudiments of music. The progress of genius is not like that of common minds. It is needless to say that her improvement was very rapid.

Her kind mistress lived to see her become an object of musical interest to the widening circle of her acquaintance.

She began to receive invitations to entertain private parties, by the exhibition of the gift which the God of nature had bestowed



upon her. She proffered its aid to advance the cause of various charities, and on benefit occasions.

Upon the death of her mistress, in consequence of the contested will, she found herself thrown upon her own resources for a maintenance. Remembering some friends in the western part of New York, she resolved to visit them; while crossing Lake Seneca, en route to Buffalo, there came sweetly stealing upon the senses of the passengers of the steamer—her rich, full, round, clear voice, unmarred by any flaw. The lady passengers, especially the noble Mrs. Gen. P., feeling that the power and sweetness of her voice deserved attention, urged her to sing again, and were not satisfied until five or six more songs were given to them. Before reaching their destined port she had made many friends. The philanthropic Mrs. Gen. P., became her friend and patroness. She at once invited Elizabeth to her splendid mansion in Buffalo, and learning her simple story, promptly advised her to devote herself entirely to the science of music. During her visit a private party was given by this lady, to which all the élite of the city were invited. Elizabeth acquitted herself so admirably, that two days after a card of invitation came to her through the public press, signed by the prominent gentlemen of Buffalo, requesting her to give a series of concerts.

She sang before the Buffalo Musical Association, and her performances were received with marks of approbation from the best musical talent in the city, that established her reputation as a songstress. Give the "Black Swan," said they, the cultivation and experience of the fair Swede, or Md'lle Parodi, and she will rank favourably with those popular singers, who have carried the nation into captivity by their rare musical abilities. Her voice has a full round sound, and is of immense compass and depth. She strikes every note in a clear and well defined manner, and reaches the highest capacity of the human voice with wonderful ease, and apparently an entire want of exertion. Beginning with G in the *bass clef* she runs up the scale to E in the *treble clef*, and gives each note its full power and tone. She commences at the highest note and runs down the scale with the same ease that she strikes any other lower note. The fact that she accomplishes this with no apparent exertion is surprising, and fixes at once the marvellous strength of her vocal organs. Her voice is wholly natural, and, as might be expected, lacks the training and exquisite cultivation that belongs to the skilful Italian singer. But the *voice* is there; and as a famous *mæstro* once said, "It takes a hundred things to make a complete singer, of which a good voice is ninety-nine." If this be so, Miss

Greenfield is on the verge of excellence, and it remains for the public to decide whether she shall have the means to pursue her studies.

To several gentlemen in Buffalo belongs the credit of having first brought out Miss Greenfield in the concert-room. The Buffalo papers took the matter in hand, and assured the public they had much to expect from a concert from this vocalist. The deep interest her first public efforts elicited from them, gave occasion to the following certificate:—

Buffalo, Oct. 30th, 1851. —

MR. H. E. HOWARD:—

DEAR SIR:—At your suggestion, for the purpose of enabling Miss Elizabeth T. Greenfield to show to her Philadelphia friends the popularity she has acquired in this city, I cheerfully certify as follows:—

The concert got up for her was unsolicited on her part, and entirely the result of admiration of her vocal powers, by a number of our most respectable citizens, who had heard her at the residence of Gen. Potter, with whose family she had become somewhat familiar. The concert was attended by an audience not second in point of numbers, to any given here before, except by Jenny Lind; and not second to any in point of respectability and fashion. The performance of Miss Greenfield was received with great applause, and the expression since, among our citizens generally, is a strong desire to hear her again.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

G. REED WILSON.

Rochester next extended an invitation for her to visit that city. We copy the invitation:—

“The undersigned having heard of the musical ability of Miss Elizabeth T. Greenfield, of the city of Buffalo, and being desirous of having her sing in Rochester, request that she will give a public concert in this city at an early day, and feel confident that it will afford a satisfactory entertainment to our citizens. Signed,

Edwin Scrantom, Levi A. Ward, H. A. Brewster, W. H. Perkins, D. M. Dewey, Geo. Hart, H. S. Allis, Freeman Clark, Isaac Butts, D. T. Walbridge, E. Peshine Smith, L. Kelly, M. F. Reynolds, Alex. Grant, W. A. Reynolds, L. B. Swan, Elias Paul, O. L. Sheldon, Alex. Mann, George Dutton, jr., D. Perrin, James S. Bush, H. P. Stevens, John E. Morey, F. S. Ren, C. P. Dewing, L. R. Jerome, L. P. Beey, James F. Bush.

Rochester, Dec. 6th, 1851.

This evening, in Corinthian Hall, the anticipated entertainment is to be presented to our music-loving citizens. Curiosity will lead many to attend, to whom the performance of a coloured *prima donna* is a phenomenon at once wonderful and rare. Miss Greenfield has received from all who have heard her, the name of being a vocalist of extraordinary power.

Speaking of her concert in Buffalo, the "Express" says, "On Monday, Parodi in all her splendour, sustained by Patti and Strakosh, sung at Corinthian Hall to half a house. Last night Miss Greenfield sang at the same place to a crowded house of the respectable, cultivated, and fashionable people of the city. Jenny Lind has never drawn a better house, as to character, than that which listened with evident satisfaction to this unheralded, and almost unknown African Nightingale. Curiosity did something for her, but not all. She has merit, very great merit, and with cultivation (instruction) she will rank among the very first vocalists of the age. She has a voice of great sweetness and power, with a wider range from the lowest to the highest notes than we have ever listened to; flexibility is not wanting, and her control of it is beyond example, for a new and untaught vocalist. Her performance was received with marked approbation and applause, from those who knew what to applaud.

It remains now for the citizens of Rochester to give her the commendation of their patronage, and then she is fully afloat. It will not be the first time that the verdict of this city in matters musical, has been responded to by the world. The price of tickets is one dollar; and all must see the propriety of this charge, in a singer who has to combat the most crushing and the common contempt of another race—the race too, from whom she must receive her patronage and support. The Black Swan must contend for the highest prize, and sing for the best price, or she falls below even the second rank. It is first among the foremost with her, or a direct consignment to a low level. The consciousness of talent, moreover, will not allow her to put too low an estimate upon her qualifications, and she makes her appeal, therefore, to the generosity of a public who cannot fail to appreciate the peculiar condition in which she is placed.

*Another city Paper says,*

Much has been said and written of this personage since she was introduced to the public as a musical prodigy. All sorts of surmises and conjectures have been indulged in, respecting the claim put forth of her merit, and generally the impression seemed to prevail that the novelty of "colour" and idle curiosity, accounted more for the excitement raised, than her musical powers. Well, she has visited our place, and given our citizens an opportunity of judging for themselves. We are ignorant of music, and unqualified to criticise, but a large audience were in attendance at Ringueberg Hall last evening—among those present were our musical amateurs—and we heard but one expression in regard to the new vocalist, and that was, wonder and astonishment at the extraordinary power and compass of her voice, and the ease with which she passed from the highest to the lowest notes seemed without an effort. Her first notes of "Where are now the hopes?" startled the whole audience, and the interchange of glances succeeded by thunders of applause, at the end of the first verse, showed that her success was complete. She was loudly encored, and in response sung the barytone, "When stars are in the quiet sky," which took down the whole house.

We have neither time nor space to follow her through her different pieces. Suffice it to say, that there never was a concert given in this town, which appeared to give more general satisfaction, and every person we met on leaving the hall, expressed their entire approbation of her performance. No higher compliment could be paid to the "Swan," than the enthusiastic applause which successfully greeted her appearance, and the encore which followed her several pieces.

There was a very general expression among the audience, that the sable vocalist should give another concert, and, at the earnest solicitation of several of our citizens, Col. Wood, her gentlemanly manager, has consented to give another entertainment to-morrow evening, when the "Black Swan" will give a new programme, consisting of some of Jenny Lind's most popular songs.

The concert on Thursday evening, was what in other cases would have been called a triumph. The house was full—the audience a fashionable one—the applause decided, and the impression made by the singer highly favourable.

We can safely say that Miss Greenfield possesses a voice of remarkable qualities; singular for its power, softness and depth. Of

all this she gave ample evidence in the twelve or more pieces she sang—a feat in itself giving evidence of great vocal resources. There is a lack of training perceptible, although the Swan sings with great correctness, and evident close regard of the notes upon the music sheet. No one can hear her without acknowledging her talents—if that is the right expression—but what is to come of this we are not advised. A couple of years' severe training is indispensable, before she can safely be put before the public on a sure footing.

Again:

*Rochester, Corinthian Hall.*

This astonishing songstress has made her appearance in Rochester, and will sing this evening in Corinthian Hall, the most commodious building in western New York. She ought to have as large a house, and as brilliant, as any that thronged to hear the Swedish Nightingale. We heard the "Black Swan" more than two years ago, in Philadelphia and New York, in rooms little adapted to give effect to her performances; but we were, even then, struck with the astonishing compass, power, and clearness of her voice. We understand that since that time, she has applied herself with praiseworthy perseverance and assiduity to the cultivation of her extraordinary powers, and has attained great proficiency in the art, which is evidently the bent of her genius. By her own energy, and unassisted, she has made herself mistress of the harp, guitar, and piano. We are informed that the proceeds of the entertainment this evening, are to be wholly appropriated to the completion of her musical education in Paris, under the world-famed Garcia. We predict for Miss Greenfield a successful and brilliant future.

The *Rochester American* writes:—

Corinthian Hall contained a large and fashionable audience on the occasion of the concert by this new candidate for popular favour, on Thursday evening. We have never seen an audience more curiously expectant than this was, for the *début* of this new vocalist. Hardly had her first note fallen upon their ears, however, before their wonder and astonishment were manifest in an interchange of glances and words of approval, and the hearty applause that responded to the first verse she sung, was good evidence of the satisfaction she afforded. The aria "Oh Native Scenes," was loudly encored, and in response she gave the pretty ballad "When Stars are in the Quiet Sky."

The "Salut a la France" was one of her most difficult pieces, but was loudly encored, and in response, she astonished the audience, and called down thunders of applause with the bass of "Old Hundred," and the barytone of "When Stars, &c."

The gem of the evening, however, was, "Like the Gloom of Night Retiring." It was a bold attempt for the Black Swan to sing "Do Not Mingle," after Jenny Lind and Parodi; but she succeeded in rendering its difficult passages with considerable taste, and a good degree of justice. It is in pieces of this kind that her untaught powers come into direct competition with the masterly training and careful cultivation of the *artistes* above named, and the difference is perceptible. But the voice is there, and with that she is destined, if skilfully taught, to achieve a fame that will be world-wide.

Lockport.

This extraordinary vocalist, whose performances at Buffalo and Rochester have created so much excitement, will make her appearance before a Lockport audience, on Thursday evening next. We cannot speak from personal knowledge of her abilities as a vocalist, but she comes to us with such high endorsements of popular favour, that we very cheerfully commend her to our citizens as an *artiste* of the very highest order of talent, and can safely promise a rich entertainment.

The *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* says:

Miss Greenfield is about twenty-five years of age, and has received what musical education she has in the city of Philadelphia; she is, however, eminently self-taught, possessing fine taste, and a nice appreciation, with a voice of wonderful compass, clearness and flexibility; she renders the compositions of some of the best masters in a style which would be perfectly satisfactory to the authors themselves. Her low, or properly *bass* notes, are wonderful, especially for a female voice, and in these she far excels any singing we have ever heard.

We learn that this singer, (soon to become celebrated we opine) will give a concert in this city on Thursday next. There is no doubt that the novelty of hearing a coloured woman perform the most difficult music with extraordinary ability, will give *éclat* to the concert. All representations unite in ascribing to Miss Greenfield the most extraordinary talents, and a power and sweetness of voca-

lization that is really unsurpassed. Such being the case, as we are bound to believe upon good and abundant evidence, she deserves to receive the attention which is given her.

Utica Daily Observer, January 13, 1852.

The Black Swan had a crowded house last evening, to enjoy her voice and criticise her musical powers. The songs she gave, were in the main very difficult of execution, and well calculated to test the qualities of the Swan. The manner in which she gave "The Last Rose of Summer," elicited an encore, when she gave a specimen of her notes, which were so supernatural for a feminine, as to excite belief that a male biped was usurping her prerogative. The deepest bass of the most wonderful barytone could not surpass it, and the greatest wonder was excited. "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "O, Native Scenes," were remarkably well sung. The only failure we noticed was on some of the high notes, in pieces requiring very rapid execution, where she seemed to want that faculty of rapid and easy transition, so remarkable in Jenny Lind and Kate Hayes.

We doubt not, that with proper cultivation, the Black Swan will win the high reputation as a singer, which her remarkable powers should give her.

Gratifying evidences of personal affection often found their way to her in letters like the subjoined:

Utica, January 13, 1853.

MISS GREENFIELD:—

I am confident you will pardon the liberty taken in thus addressing you, when I tell you of my deep interest in you, and of my pleasure in listening to the great powers of voice which God has given you. My father is Gerrit Smith—being his daughter, how can I but hope that your efforts may be crowned with the most brilliant success. ♦

I have a few suggestions to make, respecting your dress. You were dressed with great modesty and with much simplicity; still there are some things it would be well for you to lay aside. Wear nothing in your hair, unless it be a cluster of white flowers in the back; never wear *coloured* flowers, nor flowing ribbons. Let your dress be a plain black silk, high at the back of the neck, and open in front about half way to the waist: under this, wear a square of lace, tarltan, or muslin, doubled and laid in folds to cross over the breast. Wear muslin under sleeves, *and white kid gloves—always.*

Dress very loosely. I would advise no whalebones, (but perhaps you are not prepared for that reform.) In case you should lay them aside, a sacque of the same material as the dress would be very pretty to conceal the figure. If you tire of the black silk, a steel colour would be a good change—but these two are preferable to all others. Your pocket handkerchief should be unfolded and somewhat tumbled, not held by a point in the centre; perhaps it would be better to have it in your pocket, quite out of sight—the piece of music is enough for the hands. I rejoice in the dignity of your deportment and in the good hours you keep. I have said this much in relation to your dress, because I know how important it is that, in the midst of all the prejudice against those of your colour, that your appearance should be *strikingly genteel*.

A word or two about your singing: “Native Scenes” was particularly sweet, because sung with feeling. Let it be your aim to enter with your whole soul into the spirit of your words. In the “Last Rose of Summer,” you sang “*senseless*” for *scentless*—it may have been owing to a printer’s mistake—“*scentless*” is the true word. With sincere desires for your highest good, believe me,

Your friend,

E. S. M.

Albany, Jan. 19, 1852—Daily State Register.

THE BLACK SWAN’S CONCERT.—Miss Greenfield made her debut in this City on Saturday evening, before a large and brilliant audience, in the lecture room of the Young Men’s Association. The concert was a complete triumph for her; won, too, from a discriminating auditory, not likely to be caught with chaff, and none too willing to suffer admiration to get the better of prejudice. Her singing more than met the expectations of her hearers, and elicited the heartiest applause, and frequent *encores*. She possesses a truly wonderful voice, and considering the poverty of her advantages, she uses it with surprising taste and effect. In sweetness, power, compass and flexibility, it nearly equals any of the foreign vocalists who have visited our country; and it needs only the training and education theirs have received, to outstrip them all.

The compass of her marvellous voice embraces twenty-seven notes, reaching from the sonorous bass of a barytone, to a few notes above even Jenny Lind’s highest. The defects which the critic cannot fail to detect in her singing, are not from want of voice or power of lung, but want of training alone. If her present tour proves successful, as it now bids fair to, she will put herself under the charge of



the best masters of singing in Europe; and with her enthusiasm and perseverance, which belong to genius, she cannot fail to ultimately triumph over all obstacles, and even conquer the prejudice of colour—perhaps the most formidable one in her path.

She plays with ability upon the piano, harp and guitar. In her deportment she bears herself well, and we are told converses with much intelligence. We noticed among the audience Gov. Hunt and his family, both Houses of the Legislature, State officers, and a large number of our leading citizens. All came away astonished and delighted.

Albany, Jan. 20.—(Albany Express.)

We predict for this lady a very brilliant career under the judicious management of Col. J. H. Wood, the late efficient manager of the Cincinnati Museum, which was recently destroyed by fire. The Colonel possesses tact and talent of the highest order, which eminently qualify him for the high and responsible position he now occupies, and we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Greenfield will reap a golden harvest while she remains in his charge. The Swan leaves here for Boston, and thence to New York, where additional talent is expected to be added in that wonderful pianist, Master Cook, who excited the astonishment and admiration of all who had the pleasure of hearing him last fall in New York. Col. Wood expects to make the tour of Europe next season with the Swan, who will doubtless prove as attractive as any *cantatrice* that ever appeared before a European audience.

Albany Knickerbocker, Jan. 20, 1852. Tuesday.

The concerts of this warbler have been well attended and very satisfactory. She comes before the public under many disadvantages, and the fact, that nevertheless she pleases, is certainly an indication of merit. Among these disadvantages, we note her colour; her undertaking to execute alone a programme of ten or eleven pieces, and such of them as the public see fit to encore; a certain want of tact in the conduct of her concerts; and the barely tolerable support given her by her accompanist.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, "the Swan" took everybody by surprise. Her compass is extraordinary; her musical education, evidently, very limited. But her execution certainly equalled that of many white performers of pretensions, and in some pieces drew out a hearty encore. She was dressed in very good taste, with only a slight display of ribbon. On her next appearance before the pub-

lie, she should exert her feminine privilege, and insist on being led out like a lady, by her accompanist, and not like a ghost he was afraid of.

Troy Daily Budget, Saturday, Jan. 17, 1852.

We were not able to attend in season to hear the first part, and can therefore only give our impressions of the second. The Swan's voice is certainly one of great sweetness and power, especially in the lower register, but in the upper notes it dwindles into a thinness that is anything but agreeable. This was specially observable in her cadenzas, of which, she is rather lavish. Her enunciation is not so good as we had been led to suppose. There is a certain flatness at times in her utterance which betrays her *origin*, which essentially mars her performances. This we noticed particularly in "Sound the Trumpet," by *Hamel*, the bill says—a composer we never have had the pleasure of hearing of before. We suppose Handel was intended.

The next piece purports to be "*Saut a la France*" from the opera of the "*File du Regiment*." What kind of a file this was, we were rather dubious—but it certainly suggested rat-tails and three corners. In hearing it, however, we recognised the celebrated "*Salut a la France*," which the Swan gave with very good effect.

'Do not Mingle' was tamely rendered. That style of music is evidently not her *rôle*, and we wonder at her attempting to execute that exquisite *morceau*. It is one of those gems to which none but a finished artist can do justice.

The next piece, "O Native Scenes," was admirably done. We cannot say so much of the "Banks of Guadalquiver." The time was too slow, thereby destroying much of the spirit which should be infused into it. Perhaps the delicious tones of Madam Bishop in this song, who has made it peculiarly her own, and whose notes still linger in our memory, may have instituted unfavourable comparisons.

On the whole, the concert was a good one, and exceeded our expectations. By care and cultivation the Black Swan will become a vocalist of no mean pretensions, and even now she excels many, who modestly herald themselves as musical "stars."

Jan. 23. From the same.

We predict for this celebrated singer a brilliant audience to-night at Harmony Hall, for it is to be undoubtedly the great Concert of the season. We understand Lt. Gov. Church and Lady, to-


gether with large numbers of both branches of the legislature, also large numbers from Lansingburg and Waterford, are to be there to-night, and in order to secure choice seats, it is necessary to go early, as this will be the last opportunity of hearing a lady that can sing a higher and a lower note than any other public singer that has ever visited us.

Col. Wood, her gentlemanly manager, informs us, that she goes hence to Boston and New York, and will visit Europe in June.

Jan. 24th.

The concert was attended by the largest and most genteel audience we have ever seen gathered in this city on a similar occasion. She sang almost every piece with exquisite taste and extraordinary artistic skill. The concert with a new bill will be repeated this evening at Franklin Hall, at 7½ o'clock.

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 Go away, Northampton! who cares for Jenny Lind? The "Black Swan" is in town, stopping at the Hampden House, and is going to favour us with specimens of her extraordinary vocalization.

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MISS GREENFIELD'S SINGING.—We yesterday had the pleasure of hearing the singer who is advertised in our columns as the "Black Swan." She is a person of lady-like manners, elegant form, and not unpleasing, though decidedly African features. Of her marvellous powers, she owes none to any tincture of European blood. Her voice is truly wonderful, both in its compass and truth. A more correct intonation, so far as our ear can decide, there could not be. She strikes every note on the exact centre, with unhesitating decision, and unerring truth. There is obviously wide room for cultivation, but her singing, apart from the marvel of its ranging from a low bass to the highest treble, is exceedingly pleasing, and we think will take the public, both musical and unmusical, by surprise. We should not, to be sure, think of comparing her with Jenny Lind, nor with any one else. She is a non-descript—an original. We cannot think any common destiny awaits her.

Springfield Daily Post, Jan. 29, 1852. 7

The following testimonial of the success of the "Swan" in Troy, appears in the Budget of Saturday evening.

"The concert was a most flattering triumph of genuine art over

latent or patent prejudice. She surprises every one by the wonderful compass and power of her voice, and though in some pieces her execution is somewhat faulty, full allowance is made for this, when it is remembered that her teacher has been Nature alone, and that her opportunities of cultivation have been very limited.

Evening Gazette, Boston, Jan. 31, 1852.

This new musical "Star of the West" has at last reached this city. If all, or half, that is said of her musical powers be true, she is surely a wonder of the nineteenth century. We have not had the pleasure of hearing Miss Greenfield in rehearsal, but gentlemen of excellent musical taste who have heard her, and whose word we have no reason to doubt, assure us that she really possesses a compass of voice truly remarkable.

We are glad to perceive that no attempt has been made to represent Miss Greenfield as a "celebrated artist," as is usually the case.

No such claim has been set up, but quite the contrary. The Swan is truly a child of Nature. By reference to our advertising columns it will be observed that Miss Greenfield will make her first appearance in concert, in this city, on Tuesday evening next at the Melodeon. The programme is named, and embraces some of the choicest gems warbled by Jenny Lind and Miss Hayes. Several eminent musical performers will assist the Swan.

Daily Evening Traveller, Boston, Jan. 31, 1852.

The musical powers of Miss Greenfield are said to be of the most wonderful character. The Press in every place where she has appeared, in concert, are united in singing her praises. Those who have heard her, assure us that the compass of her voice is truly remarkable. It is said to embrace twenty-seven notes, reaching from the sonorous bass of a barytone, to a few notes above even the highest of Jenny Lind's. With such powers, and with enthusiasm and perseverance corresponding to them, she is destined to take the highest rank in the divine science to which she has devoted herself.

The Commonwealth, Boston, Jan. 30, 1852.

The Swan has arrived, and taken up her quarters at the Revere House. Her first concert will be given at the Melodeon next Tuesday evening. Boston will forfeit all right to the title of the "Athens of America," if it does not look with keen curiosity after this "something new," under the sun. Miss Greenfield is alleged to have a voice of greater compass than any singer in this country has yet

exhibited. That is one thing new. Another is, that without special cultivation, she rivals some of the greatest performers in reading and executing the most difficult music. If this be so, Boston, we think, will not be slow to find out and reward it as it deserves.

Evening Transcript, Boston, Jan. 30, 1852.

Miss Greenfield has arrived in the city, and will give her first concert in Boston, at the Melodeon, on Tuesday evening next. She gave to a small circle of musical people a specimen of the qualities of her voice yesterday afternoon, at the room of Mr. Chickering. Her voice has great power and compass, extending over four and a half octaves, from lower G in bass to C octave in alt. She is self-taught, and has won quite a reputation at the west.

Boston Herald, Jan. 30, 1852.

The 'Black Swan.' This new representative of the 'Divine Art,' arrived in town yesterday, and took quarters at the Revere House. A gentleman of good musical taste, who was yesterday admitted to a private rehearsal, assures us that Miss Greenfield possesses a remarkable voice. It is exceedingly musical and sweet. Its range and compass are truly astonishing. She played the piano with great skill, and accompanied herself. She will make her first appearance before a Boston audience on Tuesday evening next, at the Melodeon.

The Black Swan sings some of the choicest operatic gems: "Scenes that are Brightest," from the opera of Maritana, "Do not Mingle," from the opera of "La Somnambula," &c. There is not a little curiosity to hear this extraordinary woman.

Evening Transcript, Boston, Feb. 4, 1852.

Miss Greenfield, "The Black Swan," made her debut before a Boston audience last evening at the Melodeon. In consequence of the price of the tickets being put at a dollar, the house was not over two thirds full. She was well received, and most vociferously applauded and encored in every piece. She sings with great ease, and apparently without any effort. Her pronunciation is very correct, and her intonation excellent. Her voice has a wonderful compass, and in many notes remarkably sweet in tone. Her voice needs equalizing, which can be done, when put under the tuition of a competent instructor. Her second concert will be given on Thursday evening, when the tickets will be put at 50 cents. At her next concert she will be assisted by Professor Becht, of New

York, and the great juvenile pianist, Master Kook, ten years of age, who has no superior in the country, of his years.

Boston Evening Traveller, February 5th, 1852.

The Black Swan's first Concert at the Melodeon.—The novelty of the circumstances, and the curiosity which had been excited by the accounts which had reached us of this coloured woman's remarkable vocal powers, drew together a much larger audience than could ordinarily have been collected at the high price at which the tickets were sold. As many as five hundred, probably, were present; and influenced as they were by various expectations and motives, it would be difficult to characterize the marks of applause which were bestowed upon the performer. In respect to the "Swan's" claims as a vocalist, we do not deem it worth while to go into any criticism.

Boston Daily Times and Bay State Democrat, February 6th, 1852.

The Black Swan's second concert at the Melodeon, last evening, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Miss Greenfield was evidently in better voice than on the night of her first concert, and, it was generally admitted, sung better. She was enthusiastically encored several times, and enthusiastically applauded in every piece. Professor Becht and his pupil, Master Emile Kook, executed several pieces upon the piano in excellent taste.

Daily Morning News, Lowell, February 7th, 1852.

We see by the Boston papers that this wonderful vocalist had the best house of the season at the Melodeon, on Thursday evening. In fact, so crowded was the hall, that a large number of ladies could not gain admission on account of the immense number of people all eager to see and hear the Swan. She had a perfect triumph over all prejudices. Master Kook made his debut, and played the piano forte with a skill that would have done credit to one of the old masters, calling down thunders of applause. Professor Becht has no rival on the Piano.

The Mercury, New Bedford, February 10, 1852.

Rara Avis.—The Black Swan.—This wonderful vocalist, who seems to be asserting for the African race a position in the musical world, a good deal above the "Dandy Jim" and "Lucy Long" school, gives a concert to-morrow evening. She is a remarkable instance of natural talent, and her voice is said to be the most remarkable part of the whole matter, possessing as it does a compass and quality in certain of its notes, absolutely *unique*.

Taunton Daily Gazette, February 12, 1852.

This widely celebrated lady will favour the citizens of Taunton with an entertainment at Temple Hall this evening. She will be assisted by Professor Becht and by Master Kook, both unrivalled pianists,—the latter a juvenile prodigy of the musical art.

The Swan is acknowledged to possess extraordinary vocal powers, and considering the slight advantages she has enjoyed, she has acquired a wonderful proficiency as an artist. Her history is itself a romance. She is not pure African, but was the child of a Seminole woman. She was born a slave, but manumitted at an early age, by her mistress, whose name she bears. She has devoted her whole attention to musical study, until she has raised herself to an enviable distinction in the profession.

Taunton Daily Gazette, February 13, 1852.

The Black Swan sung at the Temple Hall last evening. She was heartily applauded at the close of every piece. Altogether we think it was the best treat for the money that has been given here.

Salem Register, February 9, 1852.

Miss Greenfield, whose wonderful vocal powers have been astonishing the musical world recently, is to give a concert at Mechanic Hall, in Salem, this evening. Her programme will be found in another column. On her first appearance in Boston, she was labouring under severe indisposition, contracted at the burning of the Hampden House, in Springfield, where she was boarding at the time of its destruction.

Salem Advertiser, February 10, 1852.

We heard the Black Swan, as she is called, at the City Hall last Saturday evening. We have only three things to say of her performance: The first is, that she had an excellent house, composed of the most intelligent and enlightened of our citizens. The second, that all who heard her seemed to be exceedingly well pleased with her efforts. Although she does not claim to be, nor her friends on her behalf, that she is an artistic singer, yet the compass of her voice and the sweetness of her notes seemed to enchant every auditor. Our last observation is, that we were ourselves very much pleased with what we heard, and fully concurred in the justice of the loud applause so frequently bestowed on the occasion.

Vox Populi, Lowell, February 13, 1852.

The concert of Miss E. T. Greenfield, under the direction of the gentlemanly J. H. Wood, was one of the most successful that has been given to this city for a long time. From the great fame which had preceded the "Black Swan," had she not really proved herself what she is, a most remarkable vocalist, there would have been a strong feeling against all concerned; but there has not, within our knowledge, an entertainment of the kind taken place in this city that received such general applause. Her compass of voice is probably greater than that of Parodi, Catharine Hayes, or Jenny Lind, even; but she lacks the artistic power of either. Notwithstanding this deficiency, we presume to say that the audience were better pleased with her singing than they would have been with either of those named above, though perhaps some few would not be willing to acknowledge it. The Black Swan sounds twenty-eight full notes, a qualification accorded to no one before her; and one which most successfully rivals the powers of ventriloquism which Jenny Lind so successfully introduces in her echo song. Every piece she sung on Saturday evening was rapturously encored. The song in bary-tone was listened to with surprise and admiration, many of those present hardly believing it to proceed from her, so much did her deep, sonorous voice resemble that of a male. The second piece of the last part (sung instead of the first, which was loudly encored) and also the last piece, neither of which were on the programme, were enthusiastically applauded, and may be regarded as the best pieces sung: at least such is our impression. As we have already remarked, the concert may be pronounced the most successful ever given in this city. The instrumental part, by Professor Becht and Master Kook, was very able, but the effect was lost in the prevailing enthusiasm for the Swan.

The Monitor, Saturday Morning, Feb. 14, 1852.

This celebrated vocalist, assisted by Prof. H. C. Becht, of Mentz, and Mast. Se. Emile Kook, will give one of her charming concerts at the Town Hall this (Sat.) evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. As this is the only opportunity for hearing the Black Swan, of whom so much has been written, the lovers of song will not fail to be present. The papers in almost every part of New York and New England, are filled with encomiums of the performances of this coloured Jenny Lind, (as she sings some of the best pieces, as sung by Jenny Lind and Catharine Hayes.) Don't fail of being present this evening.



The Carpet Bag, Boston, Feb. 14, 1852.

Some peoples' appetite for gammon is insatiable. Fancying they eat brawn, they often find themselves devouring cats and dogs. This was our thought on Tuesday night as we entered the Melo-deon, with a fear that we might retire in disgust, as we had done on the previous evening from the exhibition of a clumsy mountebank who had undertaken to ape Macallister. But it was not the case on this occasion of the *début* of Miss Greenfield, the 'Black Swan,' so absurdly cognominated. We say *absurdly*—for swans are never black, neither do they sing. Their modulations are any thing but melodious, and their inflections are absolute inflictions. But *n'importe*,—after a flourish or two upon that poorest of all *solo* instruments, the piano-forte, by Mr. Perabeau, a most pleasing performer upon such imperfect machinery, the dark-faced girl presented herself, and was hailed with plaudits that might have gratified the ambition of the whitest among the queens of song. The auditors, who were brought thither mainly from a desire to ascertain whether such things as had been told could actually be, were at once satisfied on hearing but a few bars from Bishop's charming cavatina, "Sweetly o'er my Senses Stealing,"—that the 'Black Swan' was indeed a *rara avis in terris*.

At the close of her first song, the enthusiasm of the highly respectable and very numerous assemblage seemed to know no bounds. It burst forth with an unappeasable *furor*, resulting in the reappearance of the songstress, who seated herself at the piano forte, and sang, to her own somewhat simple accompaniment, a slow air, in a full, round bass voice, that would have been envied by old Meredith himself—who used to sit under London bridge of a foggy morning, that he might catch a cold, and sing "deeper and deeper still." Her tones probably reached down to G. as represented by the open third string of the violoncello. No male voice could have given utterance to sounds more clearly and strikingly masculine; and people gazed in wonder, as though dubious of the sex of the performer—a doubt that was soon dispelled by the smooth sweetness of the next vocal piece from Norma, and by the astonishing height to which the "Swan" ascended, in surmounting and mastering the brilliant and beautiful cantata, "Like the Gloom of Night retiring."—The Swan is of good figure and form, with a full bust, containing organs more completely adapted to the development of the vocal powers and qualities, than those of any other human being, whose voice we ever listened to, or tested. Her age

is apparently about twenty-five; her complexion not exactly ebony, but approaching it as nearly as the brownest black can possibly do; her features, but slightly modified from the pure African lineaments—retaining the low forehead, the depressed nose, and the expansive mouth, without the bulbous labia. As the lady reader is anxious on the subject of dress, we will say that her principal exterior garment enclosed the whole person excepting the caput; whether composed of printed de laine, or French chintz, we could not examine—but the colour of its ground, as near as the gas-lights allowed us to determine, was either light blue, or green-cerulean or emerald, rather profusely covered with large white flowery figures; her gloves were of white kid, from which depended a fine nine shilling linen handkerchief. She wore what appeared to be heavy gold ear-rings; and her hair, jet black, with the natural wiry curl, was arranged *a la* Jenny Lind. Her manner and carriage were exceedingly easy, and even graceful.

The voice of this sable phenomenon possesses most extraordinary properties. Its compass and elasticity are immense, and its tone will bear favourable comparison with that of most, if not all the public vocalists of the day. She has evidently cultivated but little of the ornamental portion of the art—giving us few or no shakes, nor any chromatic flights, though occasionally a respectable cadenza.

Of the second concert, on Thursday evening, we are unable to speak, the managers having seen fit to forget us in the distribution of their complimentary tickets. Our editorial friends, in other places, may receive similar attentions—that is to say, *tickets to the first concert only*. They will, of course, in return for such great favours, get their critical notices in type before the next concert takes place, and then find that their services are no longer wanted. (*Mr. P. Shillaber*, the author of Mrs. Partington's sayings.)

The Morning Mirror, Providence, R. I., Feb. 16, 1852.

This noted songstress who has evinced such an extraordinary musical talent as to surprise and delight the most competent musical critics and appreciating audiences in other cities, gives a grand musical entertainment at Howard Hall this evening—vocal and instrumental—and presents a programme which in point of character and rare attractiveness, cannot fail of calling together a full, fashionable and refined audience.—Besides the talent and the novelty which attaches to Miss Greenfield, the entertainment is to be rendered

still more attractive by the presence of Prof. H. G. Becht, and his pupil, the great musical prodigy, master Se. Emile Kook, only ten years of age, considered as without a rival as a juvenile pianist. The concerts of this trio, which have been so ably and successfully prepared by Col. Wood in other cities, give the most unbounded satisfaction, and hundreds of persons at the recent concerts in Boston had to content themselves with only standing room. Miss Greenfield is highly commended by the press throughout the West to the favourable consideration of the lovers of good music. Our musical circles now have in their power to judge of the merits and musical talents of Miss Greenfield, and we look to-night for a general attendance of that class. That she will produce much sensation to-day on her arrival is fully demonstrated by the general feeling which pervades our community.

The Daily Transcript,—Worcester, Mass., Feb. 18th, 1852.

The Black Swan,—This noted songstress, whose extraordinary musical talent has created so much interest and enthusiasm among distinguished musical critics, and appreciating audiences, in various cities, will give one of her attractive entertainments at Horticultural Hall, this evening. The rare talent, and the novelty of her performances can hardly fail to draw a large and fashionable audience. In addition to her own efforts to please, she will be assisted by Prof. G. Becht and his pupil. We might fill our paper with complimentary notices of her entertainments, coming from the very highest sources. In Providence, on Monday evening, her concert was very fully attended by a fashionable audience, and she was welcomed with much enthusiasm, being loudly encored at the end of every piece, and repeatedly called out. The citizens of Providence were highly delighted with her musical powers, and are desirous of a repetition of the concert. This is the only opportunity our citizens will have of listening to Miss Greenfield.

The Daily Spy,—Worcester, Feb. 19th, 1852.

The Black Swan gave her long expected concert at Horticultural Hall last evening, before a large and fashionable audience; and if we can judge of her success by the manifestations of applause which were made by the audience, and the opinions of the best judges, there can be no doubt that the high expectations that had been raised by the prestige of her capacities, were more than realized. Every piece was vehemently encored, and as the assemblage broke up, every face seemed to beam with satisfaction and delight, as if its owner would say—"I feel it is good to be here."

Springfield Daily Post,—Feb. 20th, 1852.

The skin of the Ethiopian may be changed, and the leopard's spots also, but it can't be "rubbed out," that the Black Swan is a trump. She took all the tricks last night, winning the game completely. The public, before hearing her, had a very indefinite idea of what she was; but after her first song, there was no longer any doubt. It was amusing to behold the utter surprise and intense pleasure which was depicted upon the faces of her listeners; they seemed to express, "Why, we see the face of a black woman, but we hear the voice of an angel: what does it mean?" It certainly is astonishing, and we were astonished with the rest. Her voice is of extraordinary compass, the tone clear, rich and full; and the execution very tasteful.

Even with the memory of Jenny Lind, Kate Hayes, and Parodi, fresh within us, we cannot but record our opinion that Miss Greenfield is a singer of extraordinary merit, who will yet win a fame scarcely second to any cantatrice who has appeared before the world, and with every step she takes in public, we shall look to see fresh laurels upon her ebon brow.

The Plain Dealer, Sat. Feb. 28th, 1852.

This songstress gives her second concert to-night. The programme contains some admirable selections. Each of the pieces demands a variety of skill—the whole offering a better opportunity to learn the musical capacity of the Swan, than was heard at the first concert. That cunning young violinist, Master Lewis, will perform some of his most pleasing melodies. Mr. Becht will preside at the piano forte.

Daily Capital City Fact, Columbus, Ohio, March 3d, 1852.

Last evening proved that the Black Swan was all that the journals say of her; and Miss Greenfield stands confessedly before the Columbus world, a swan of excellence. She is indeed a remarkable swan. Although coloured as dark as Ethiopia, she utters notes as pure as if uttered in the words of the Adriatic.

Columbus, Ohio, March 7th.

The concert at Neil's New Hall, yesterday evening, was fully attended, nearly all the seats being crowded. At the appointed hour the Black Swan made her entrée, accompanied by Prof. Becht. The audience, quite alive with curiosity before, were not favourably impressed with her personal appearance, but from that fact they were

anxious to hear the sound of her voice, which had given her a repute in advance, inferior to that only of many of the best artists.

The selections upon the programme were all familiar to the audience, and thus, perhaps, enabled the sable cantatrice to challenge comparison with others by the whole audience. The impression left by the first part of the bill was, that her voice is one of great depth and reach, as she has been usually described; but not that she possessed in a marked degree, either sweetness, pathos, or delicacy—qualities which no cultivation can give, by the way. Her exercises in deep bass developed a power quite monstrous, compared with any other female voice we have ever heard.

After the interval she appeared more assured. Upon the suggestion of another, we listened to her without looking toward her during the entire performance of "the Last Rose of Summer," and were at once and satisfactorily convinced that her voice is capable of producing sounds right sweet, and not inferior in regard to any but Jenny Lind and Bishop, neither of whom, we must believe, can ever be surpassed in that quality. The whole of the second part produced effects more in favour of the songstress upon the audience generally.

If she is as devoid of professional training as represented, she surely has fine natural advantages as a vocalist. Her personal appearance is, at first, very unfavourable for the stage, and not less so, of course, on account of her colour, and the utterly inextinguishable prejudice against colour and race which she must generally encounter in this country, if not in those over the water. The instrumental part of the performance is excellent; but of it, we have not room to-day to speak.

She sings to-morrow night a choice programme.

Columbus, March 6th, 1852.

We had the pleasure of listening to this celebrated cantatrice last evening, at Neil's New Hall. We have only three things to say of her performance. The first is, that she was honoured with a crowded house, composed of the most intelligent and enlightened of our citizens: second, that all who heard her were exceedingly well pleased with all her efforts; and third, that notwithstanding it is not claimed, either by herself or friends, that she is an artistic singer, yet the compass of her voice has rarely been equalled, and the sweetness of her notes seemed to enchant every auditor.

Philadelphia, March 16th.

TO ELIZABETH GREENFIELD:—

Thy letter from Columbus came safely to hand, and it gave me pleasure to hear thee is doing so well; and I hope it may continue until thy return to our city.

In answer to thy inquiry about my parents, I am glad to say they are both enjoying good health. Father is still busy by times, with the old lady's estate, but it does not, as yet, seem to be near a final settlement.

It is true that Mr. Richards has received her money, as it was for services rendered to aunt Betsey—not from having been left any thing in the will. But all the legatees, of which thee is one, will have to wait until the whole business is concluded. It has been very trying and tedious to all concerned; but I hope, ere long, the right thing will be brought about, and thee will then receive what is thy due. Judge Jones has been appointed in J. Bouvier's place—is an able and excellent man, and will no doubt do all he can to hasten the settlement of the whole affair. Thy friend,

D. T. HOWELL.

American House, March 5th, 1852.

EDITOR OF THE REPUBLIC:—

We have been favoured this afternoon, together with some ladies, with a private musical entertainment by Miss E. T. Greenfield, known as the "Black Swan"—and words would fail us to do her voice justice, even were she *white*.

Never having heard the renowned Madame Goldschmidt, we can draw no comparison between the Swan and her fairer Swedish rival; but however she may compare with her, allow us to say she has the most varied and powerful voice it has yet been our fortune to hear. She gave us first the arietta, "Where are now the Hopes I've cherished?" accompanying her voice with the guitar—which, as well as the harp and piano, she uses very skilfully. This song, though easy of execution, is charmingly sweet and plaintive—and how it could be better performed than upon this occasion, it is difficult to imagine. Every heart present was thrilled with her tones, which flowed from her lips like gems.

Next we were favoured with a song in bass, accompanied with the piano—in which a male voice was so closely imitated as to defy the most acute ear to make it anything else; a male voice, however, highly refined—deeper, stronger, sweeter—than ever before fell upon our ear. The feelings of all present were delightfully stirred,—

even the atmosphere in which we sat seemed trembling with emotion.

These were followed by other songs, enough to exhibit the vocal charms and operatic talent of this wonderful cantatrice, in all their strength and compass. And we feel it due to say (though without pretending to rigid musical criticism,) while the voice of the Swan is equal to the loftiest pitch of the soaring lark, and the lowest reach of bass tone, there seems no lack of sweetness and distinctness—so often wanting or underrated in musical entertainments.

A word as to the *personnel* of the “Swan.” She is robust and fleshy, with a full and healthy chest; but with very uncomely features. She is intelligent, however, and unassuming—is free without boldness—and kind and attentive to all who visit her. She was born in Mississippi. Her father was an African, her mother a Choctaw Indian woman, and she seems, both in features and disposition, to show her compound origin. When quite a child she fell into the hands of quite a wealthy Welsh lady, by whom she was raised in Philadelphia—with whom she ate and slept for twenty-one years, and who, dying, bequeathed her a handsome property, which is yet contested at law. Her family name is Taylor, but in honour of her mistress she takes the name of Greenfield.

We are told it is her purpose to sail for Europe sometime in June or July next, to avail herself of the best instruction which can be obtained in cultivating her extraordinary vocal gifts.

The statement that Miss Greenfield is the daughter of a man in Buffalo, who “formerly lived in Mississippi, and served as hostler,” and that “Miss G. came north and married a fellow yclept Green,” is all false.—If any person should have been led to believe otherwise, the following letters will be sufficient to undeceive them:

N. W. corner of Mulberry and Tenth Street, Philadelphia, 11th month 5th, 1851.

I have known Elizabeth Greenfield for more than fifteen years, during most of which time, she resided near to me with a worthy and benevolent friend of mine, the late Elizabeth Greenfield; through whose liberality she was kindly supported and educated.

In the course of a professional attendance of some years on Elizabeth's family, I had reason to be convinced that she continued to stand well in the estimation of her aged friend. To the best of my information, her conduct and deportment since, have been such as to merit the esteem of those who know her in this city.

Signed, THEOPHILUS E. BEESLEY, M. D.

Philadelphia, 11th month 8th, 1852.

I have known Eliza Greenfield many years; she came to this city from Mississippi with her late Mistress Elizabeth Greenfield, when a child; by whom she was much esteemed, and who has left her a legacy.—I know her to be a free woman, respectable and intelligent.

JOSEPH HOWELL.

Philadelphia, Nov. 17th, 1851.

This is to certify, that I have known Elizabeth T. Greenfield for many years, and am happy to bear testimony to her worth as a woman, and her merits as a singer.

She was brought up from a child by Mrs. Greenfield, a wealthy widow lady from Mississippi, with whom she remained until her death, and was ever treated by her with confidence and affection.

From the will of Mrs. Greenfield, Elizabeth derives an income sufficient to enable her to resign all occupation, save that pertaining to her profession as a singer.

Her associations in life have ever been with the most respectable, and most particularly in connexion with the families of Mrs. Greenfield's friends, who esteemed her as an unobtrusive and excellent person.

She now seeks public favour as a singer, and, although almost entirely self-taught, possesses wonderful power of voice, and sweetness of tone—and is well worthy the patronage of all lovers of music. To such we heartily recommend her, trusting that her merits may meet their reward.

MRS. JOHN B. BISPHAM.

Philadelphia, Nov. 18th, 1851.

From my long and personal acquaintance with the subject of the annexed short sketch I accord fully with all contained therein.

MRS. ALFRED M. COLLINS.

I feel great pleasure in stating I have known Miss Greenfield since she was a year old; and knew Mrs. Elizabeth Greenfield, valued her as a truly deserving and good person—always correct in her deportment, and worthy of respect and confidence. All Mrs. Greenfield's friends can bear testimony to this truth. All my family wish her success wherever she goes, in this, her musical profession.

Signed,

J. E. TEVIS,

Phil. Nov. 18, 1851.

No. 410 West Walnut Street.



The Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Black Swan is to be in Cleveland on the 26th. The *Plain Dealer* man, says an exchange, is so excited about it that he is turning all sorts of *colours*. "O. S. Journal." Speaking of *colours*, we own up to something of a mixture, having been born GRAY, but the "True Democrat" says that *coloured* people are a leetle ahead of white people.

Plain Dealer, March 26, 1852.

The advent of the Black Swan was the signal for prolonged applause. She is a woman of graceful stature, with a face of intelligence and gentleness, modest and tasteful in her dress, and an easy carriage. She looks confidently to the audience, as if trusting to their unbiassed judgment. Her first song, "Sweetly o'er my Senses Stealing," gives a fair idea of her flexibility and tone. They are truly astonishing. She glides from note to note with the utmost ease; as trippingly as most of our *prima donnas*. But compass of voice, the most desirable quality in vocal music, is the distinctive feature of her style. Here she is fully at home—as evinced in that charming ballad where she accompanied herself on the piano. Her voice here was masculine and rich—and at the same time soft—devoid of that burr with which most *bona fide* male voices are encumbered. She sang in six pieces, was applauded in each, and thrice triumphantly *encored*. We heard but one opinion of the entertainment—that of unqualified delight.

Milwaukie Daily Sentinel, April 19, 1852.

The Telegraph and press, for some time past, have been busy in chronicling the musical triumphs of the Black Swan, and in noting her progress Westward. Last week she sang to crowded and delighted audiences, in Detroit, Chicago, Kenosha, and Racine. To-night she sings at Gardner's Hall, in this city. She comes here heralded by a reputation which will of itself draw a full house. That those who attend will enjoy the entertainment, will be readily inferred from the following notice in Chicago, copied from the Journal of that city:

"To say they were gratified is not enough. If expression of countenance and repeated applause, more than we ever witnessed upon a similar occasion in this city, mean anything, they were surprised and delighted. Not, perhaps, with the artistic skill she manifested, but the wonderful power, sweetness, and compass of her voice. It was like a flute, a clarion, an organ, and yet it was more—a splendid human voice.

Her style is simple and unaffected. She is guiltless of all the trickery of the professed and trained Vocalist; but sings as she feels it; as she thinks it should be sung; and though not skilled in the quibbles and nomenclature of "the art divine," we are satisfied she thinks right. With a complexion not Circassian, and a figure not altogether a model for sculptors, she has drawn together here an audience—has charmed them, and all with the magic of a voice.

Milwaukie Sentinel, April, 1852.

What shall we say? That we were delighted and surprised? All who were present know that, from their own feelings. We can only say, that we have never heard a voice like hers,—one that, with such ease, and with such absence of all effort, could range from the highest to the lowest notes. After singing the first song, she was called back, when she sat down to the piano, and commenced, "When Stars are in the Quiet Sky," we almost imagined, at first, that Geo. Baker, with his heavy bass voice, had broken forth somewhere in the vicinity. But what was our surprise to discover that those low, yet heavy and powerful notes, proceeded from the same person who just before had been singing with the highest, clearest notes of a woman. Thus it was throughout. It seemed as though to sing was as natural to her as to the bird; and she poured forth melody and music without being obliged to use those desperate and convulsive efforts that some do. She was received with the most rapturous applause, which in some of the songs broke forth at the end of every verse. This was especially the case when she sang "If a Body meet a Body," &c., when it seemed as though they could not sufficiently testify their pleasure.

Professor Becht is a most correct and finished player on the piano; and we must say, that Mr. Schmittroth made more music than we ever heard before in scientific fiddling.

Rochester, May 6, 1852.

All the lovers of music in Rochester will be glad to learn that Miss Greenfield intends to give a concert in Corinthian Hall on Monday next. This gifted songstress has been having a series of very successful concerts in Ohio, and other States, and we predict for her a large audience on Monday. The magnificent quality of her voice, its great power, flexibility, and compass; her self-taught genius, energy, and perseverance, combine to render Miss Greenfield an object of uncommon interest to musicians.

We have been spell-bound by the ravishing tones of Patti,

Sontag, Malibran, and Grisi; we have heard the wondrous warblings of "*the Nightingale*;" and we have listened with delight to the sweet melodies of the fair daughter of Erin; but we hesitate not to assert that, with one year's tuition from the world-famed Emanuel Garcia, Miss Greenfield would not only compare favourably with any of the distinguished artists above named, but incomparably excel them all.

We hoped, ere this, to hear of Miss Greenfield proceeding to England. Queen Victoria is a thorough judge of music, and a kind and generous patron to musicians,—Miss Greenfield's complexion would not bar her entrance to Buckingham Palace, nor would it shock the nerves of the most delicate lady of the court there. *The Black Swan should sail to Europe.*

The Globe, Toronto, May 12-15th, 1852.

Any one who went to the concert of Miss Greenfield on Thursday last, expecting to find that he had been deceived by the puffs of the American newspapers, must have found himself most agreeably disappointed.

Mr. Becht, the pianist of the party, commenced the evening with a very brilliant performance, which showed that his talents, if not of the very first rank, nearly approached to that point. He has a very considerable share of taste, but his *forte* passages were the finest, and were warmly applauded. After he had retired there was a general hush of expectation to see the entrance of the vocalist of the evening, and presently there appeared a lady of a decidedly dark colour, rather inclined to an *embonpoint*, and with African formation of face. She advanced calmly to the front of the platform, and curtised very gracefully to the audience. There was a moment of pause, and the assembly anxiously listened for the first notes. They were quite sufficient. The amazing power of the voice, the flexibility and the ease of execution took the hearers by surprise, and the singer was hardly allowed to finish the verse ere she was greeted with the most enthusiastic plaudits, which continued for some time. The higher passages of the air were given with clearness and fulness, indicating a soprano voice of great power. The song was encored, and Miss Greenfield came back, took her seat at the piano, and began, to the astonishment of the audience, a different air in a deep and very clear bass or barytone voice, which she maintained throughout, without any very great appearance of effort or without any breaking! She can, in fact, go

as low as Lablache, and as high as Jenny Lind, a power of voice perfectly astonishing. It is said she can strike thirty-one full clear notes, and we could readily believe it. After the surprise had subsided, there was time to find out the errors and defects. It must be confessed that Miss Greenfield has a very heedless way of throwing her beautiful notes about, has far from perfect command over them, and wants the knowledge of ornamental points, which can only be given by instruction from the best masters. There were plenty evidences that it was not from lack of ability to understand what was required, that these defects existed. The introduction of the deeper voice in the treble songs was a singularity, but was also an unpleasing offence against the ear.

Miss Greenfield is said to have great facility in acquiring the knowledge of music, and will certainly under proper tuition become distinguished.

The company to-night perform in Hamilton. We hope on their return we may have another opportunity of listening to Miss Greenfield's wonderful strains, and Messrs. Becht and Schmittroth's excellent instrumentalization.

Auburn, New York, May 21st, 1852.

This evening the citizens of Auburn are to have the pleasure of witnessing the vocal powers of the Black Swan. It is not a year since this candidate for public patronage made her appearance in the concert room, but yet she has won a reputation that everywhere secures her crowded houses. Her recent tour in the western States was eminently successful, and her concerts were referred to in the papers, as being equal in interest to those given by the most celebrated vocalists of the day. The entertainment this evening will be given at Markham Hall.

Auburn, May 22d, 1852.

We have no hesitation in saying that, but for the prejudice which exists against *caste*, she would attain great eminence. We trust she will succeed. Mr. Schmittroth, the violinist, displays great musical capacity and taste; but we are surprised that so perfect an artist should trust his success to so imperfect an instrument. Mr. Becht, the pianist, is a man of talent, and has great command of his instrument.

Syracuse, May 24th, 1852.

Notwithstanding the many distinguished, and justly celebrated songstresses now in our country, the Black Swan continues to be

heard with great favour, by the musical portion of the community.

Utica, May 26th, 1852.

Those who failed to hear this extraordinary vocalist on her previous visit to Utica, will not fail to gratify their curiosity at this time.—Miss Greenfield has now had the advantage of several months' training and practice, and of appearing at concerts in most of the principal northern cities. Her natural endowments surpass any thing in the way of human voice we ever heard, and her singing is pleasing as well as astonishing. She is now accompanied by Becht, the pianist, and Schmittroth, the violinist, artists, as we hear, of talent and merit from the city of New York, and occupying the first position in their profession.

Watertown, May 28th, 1852.

This celebrated Cantatrice, on her return from a very successful tour in the West, gives one concert in this city, in Malcolm Hall, this evening. The Swan has sung in our city on a previous occasion, and her merits are pretty generally known—though we are assured that she has made great proficiency since that time. Malcolm Hall ought to be crowded this evening.

Ogdensburg, June 2, 1852.

The "Swan's" second concert, which came off last evening, was quite as largely attended as the first; and we noticed, particularly, that the patronage of those who attended on the former evening was largely drawn upon.

The same manifestations of delight at the performance of the several *artists*, were apparent with the audience of last evening, and many who had come to listen for the second time, were inspired with a more accurate appreciation of the "Swan's" merits. The troupe proceed hence to Burlington. She goes to Europe soon for the purpose of receiving instruction from the best masters.

Burlington, June 4, 1852.

The concert at Concert Hall, last evening, delighted one of the largest and most select audiences ever assembled in Burlington. Miss Greenfield was received with much enthusiasm. It was, altogether, the best concert ever given in this place. We learn that to-night is positively her last in Burlington.

Greenfield, June 21, 1852.

Altogether the most artistic performance in the sphere of music, we recollect ever having attended in this town, was given on Thurs-

day evening by Miss Elizabeth Greenfield, alias the "Black Swan." Her voice possesses wonderful compass, is very rich, and is skilfully trained. She is a most surprising vocalist, considered in whatever respect. The violin performance, by Mr. Schmittroth, brought out tones more astonishing than people in general supposed pine, catgut and rosin capable of producing.

The whole entertainment was in the highest degree respectable, and worthy of any audience in the world.

Brattleboro, Vt., June 23, 1852.

The "Black Swan," or Miss Elizabeth Greenfield, sang in Mr. Fisk's beautiful new Hall on Wednesday evening last, to a large and intelligent audience.

We had seen frequent notices in our exchanges, and were already prepossessed in favour of the abilities and life purposes of our sable sister; but after all we must say that our expectations of her success are greater than before we had heard her sing, and conversed with her in her own private room. She is not pretty, but plain for a coloured woman; still she is gifted with a beauty of soul which makes her countenance agreeable in conversation; and in singing, especially when her social nature is called into activity, there is a grace and beauty in her manner which soon make those unaccustomed to her race forget all but the melody. We learned from her that she was trained by an old lady belonging to the society of Friends. Her mistress, being a Friend, Elizabeth took lessons in music privately. With only her wages to aid her, she was rapidly acquiring knowledge in music in imitation of her mistress' young relatives, when some one maliciously informed her mistress, with the expectation of seeing an injunction laid upon her self-culture. The old lady sent for Elizabeth, who came trembling into her presence, expecting to be reprimanded for her pursuit of an art forbidden by the Friends' discipline. "Elizabeth," said the old lady, "is it true that thee is learning music, and can play upon the guitar?" "It is true," she replied. "Go, bring thy guitar and let me hear thee sing." Elizabeth did so, and when she had concluded her song was astonished to hear her mistress say, "Elizabeth, whatever thee wants, thee shall have." From that time her mistress was the patroness of her earnest efforts for skill and knowledge in musical science.

Nature has done more for Miss Greenfield, than any musical prodigy we have met, and art has marred her execution less.

From New England Miss Greenfield returned to Buffalo to enjoy a season of rest and refreshment.

She remained here several months, during which time she received two definite proposals to accept an engagement. One to travel for three months in the United States,—the other, which she accepted, to proceed directly to Europe.

Cleveland, Dec. 16, 1852.

MISS GREENFIELD:—Dear Madam,—I take the liberty to address a few lines to you on the subject of giving concerts. I have understood you to have no engagement at present, and that you would be glad to make an engagement with a person competent to manage. I have had considerable experience in the business, and feel myself competent to take the management of business of this nature. I have travelled with Jenny Lind during her engagement with P. T. Barnum. I have also been connected with Mr. Barnum for several years; and if you feel disposed to engage with me I would refer you to Mr. Barnum. He is now at his residence in Bridgeport, Conn.

I should propose to travel through such portions of the States as you have not visited, and should feel disposed to commence in New York. Mr. Barnum is a relation of mine, and I could give a series of concerts in New York in his name; at least I feel quite confident I could do so. I am a man of family, and am living in this city. I am acquainted with Major Dunn, Col. Wood, and slightly with Mr. Ladd, formerly of your troupe.

Please let me hear from you by return of mail, and oblige,

Yours, E. T. N.

Cleveland, Feb. 23, 1853.

MR. HOWARD:—Dear Sir,—If Miss Greenfield would accept an engagement for three months, to travel in the interior of this, and adjoining states, I should like to give it a trial.

If we undertake it and are successful, I should like to give a series of concerts in New York, after the opening of the World's Fair—and probably make a second engagement. Please consult with Miss Greenfield, and let me know her mind. If she accepts, every thing will be done to make it pleasant for her. I will come to Buffalo and settle preliminaries on hearing from you.

I have letters of recommendation from Mr. Barnum, which I do not deem necessary to send you, as you saw Mr. Barnum in New York so recently.

Truly yours, E. T. N.

The second overture she accepted, and the following agreement was drawn up.

(COPY.)

This agreement made the sixteenth day of Feb. 1853, between ———, of the city of New York, of the first part, and Miss Elizabeth T. Greenfield, now of the city of Buffalo, of the second part, Witnesseth;

That the said parties of the first and second parts, do hereby agree, each with the other, as follows.

The party of the second part hereby agrees to perform a musical tour throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, and upon the continent of Europe, and the free States of the United States, and deliver concerts, public and private, at such times and places—when her health will permit—as shall be directed by the party of the first part, not exceeding three times in any one week; and she agrees that she will, as far as possible, strive to give satisfaction in her concerts.

The party of the first part is to have the management and direction of the business, and every thing relating thereto. He is to advance all the money which may be required in carrying on the enterprise. He is also to advance to the party of the second part such money as she may require for her own individual expenses. He is also to have the direction of the musical instruction of the party of the second part, and at all times to treat her respectfully, and provide suitable board, lodging, and travelling accommodations for herself and attendant.

A competent secretary shall be employed by the party of the first part, whose business it shall be to keep true accounts of the receipts of money at such concerts, and of all the expenditures made on account of the enterprise, which accounts shall at all times be open to the inspection of both parties.

No agents are to be employed in the said business except such as shall be specially attached to the troupe, and such as shall be necessary to promote the objects of the enterprise, unless it shall be considered for the interest of both parties to employ additional assistance, in which event the compensation of such additional assistance shall be paid as a general charge.

The party of the second part is to have the privilege of selecting her own maid, whose services and expenses are to be paid out of the moneys received from such concerts, such wages not exceeding six dollars a month, in case she shall select her own maid.



All the expenses incurred in the said business, including the furnishing of such wardrobes as shall be mutually agreed upon—the individual expenses of both the parties—the musical instruction of the party of the second part, and the expenses of the party of the second part back to New York, are to be paid out of the receipts of such concerts, and the overplus is to be divided between the parties as follows: to the party of the first part four fifths: to the party of the second part one fifth. The amount which shall at any time be due to the party of the second part for her share in the profits shall be paid to her on demand.

In case of the death of the party of the first part before the expiration of the time herein limited, the party of the second part is to go on in the same manner under the direction and management of his legal representatives, but in all respects under the conditions of this agreement, and such legal representative is to perform all the acts and things which the party of the first part is to perform under the conditions of the agreement.

In case of the death of the party of the second part, this agreement is then to terminate, and the party of the first part shall render a true and correct account of the receipts and expenditures relating to the said business, and pay over whatever money shall remain in his hands belonging to the party of the second part, to Hiram E. Howard, now of the city of Buffalo, whose receipt therefor shall be binding upon her heirs and personal representatives.

And it is mutually agreed by and between the said parties that they will, during the time herein limited, unless prevented by illness, or other inevitable accident, diligently and faithfully devote himself and herself in and about the said business, and the management thereof, and the carrying on the same, and the affairs and business thereof, for the promoting the same for the best advantage and benefit of both the said parties.

This agreement is to commence on the tenth day of March next, and terminate on the first of May one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five; and the said party of the second part agrees to be in the city of New York on the said tenth day of March next—health permitting—and subject to the direction of the said party of the first part, as before mentioned.

In case the party of the first part shall for any reason wish at any time, after they shall arrive in Europe, to dissolve this agreement, he is at liberty to do so upon conditions that he shall pay her the balance that may then be due to her, and shall in addition

thereto, pay her a sum of money sufficient to pay the expenses of herself and servant back to the city of New York in a respectable manner.

Witness the hands and seals of the parties the day and year first above written.

(Signed)		and executed by
GEO. DAVIS, } witness,	_____ (L. S.)	ELIZABETH T. GREENFIELD (L. S.)
Buffalo.		

State of New York, Buffalo, Mayor's Office, April 1, 1853.

I do hereby certify that a contract, of which the foregoing is a copy, is deposited for safe keeping with Hiram E. Howard, Esq., of this city, by Miss Greenfield.

In witness thereof I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of the city of Buffalo the day and the year last above written.

ELI COOK,  
*Mayor of the city of Buffalo.*

At this period she received the following communication:

Buffalo, February 23, 1853.

"Having learned that Miss Greenfield is about to visit Europe on a musical tour, as well as with a view to the artistic improvement of her vocal powers, the undersigned take this opportunity of tendering to her a complimentary benefit prior to her departure, as a testimonial in favour of her unprecedented natural powers of voice, and also as an earnest of the due appreciation by our fellow citizens, generally, of the liberal aid rendered by her on a former occasion, to one of the most-worthy objects of charity in our city; and we trust that the announcement of a concert by Miss Greenfield, will be responded to by a full house on the occasion.

H. E. Howard, James Hollister, Geo. Coit, M. J. Cadwallader, Henry W. Rogers, G. B. Rich, A. J. Rich, E. S. Skudding, E. P. Beals, Ira Osburi, Matthew Wilson, Nelson Randall, G. S. Hazard, H. B. Potter, A. Ramsey, S. S. Gawson, Jos. G. Mastra, Samuel F. Pratt, C. F. S. Thomas, Hiram Barton, H. J. Impsay, Geo. W. Houghton, James Wadsworth, William Webster, Geo. C. White, Wm. Fisk, Edwin Thomas, Wm. Carland, Geo. Davis, Cyrus P. Lee, G. W. Rounds, T. M. Parmalee, Lewis C. Hodges, H. N. Loomis, H. C. Walker, C. E. Young, L. R. Plimpton, Jas. L. Reynolds, Wm. A. Seaver.

The concert took place the 7th of March, 1853. The success of this concert may be inferred from the following note:

Buffalo, March 8, 1853.

TO MISS ELIZABETH T. GREENFIELD:—

I was at your concert last night, and cannot withhold my meed of praise, or refrain from mentioning to you the immense delight it afforded me to hear so truly a magnificent voice, as that which the good Creator has bestowed upon you. It did indeed come “sweetly o’er my senses stealing.” If I was enchanted with your “Entreat me not,” and enraptured with the aria from “Garcia,” how perfectly amazed was I at the basso of the Rover’s song! I trembled for you, thinking every moment that you should fail; while at the same time I knew that one of the chief charms of your voice, is the perfect ease and freedom from effort, which you appeared to possess.

There is one thing which Miss Greenfield must allow a stranger to suggest—and it is on the subject of her dress. The dress itself was handsome, but why wear that *white lace bertha*? Some bright rich colour would suit so much better—or something darkly delicate; indeed, before a European audience, I think Miss Greenfield might adopt the *Oriental style* of dress with the best effect.

Hoping, then, for Miss Greenfield the utmost success in her projected European tour, I remain her obedient well-wisher, G.

Laden with all these good wishes and hopes, Miss G. bade farewell to her Buffalo friends and proceeded to New York city, preparatory to her embarkation.—In New York Miss Greenfield had many apprehensions. At Buffalo she had become acquainted with Madam Alboni, who greatly admired her voice, and gave her many useful instructions. Upon her arrival in this city she learned that Madam Alboni had an engagement at the “Niblo Gardens.” Some friends desired to procure for her a private box at the Italian Opera, where she might have the pleasure and advantage of hearing, undisturbed, this famous songstress. But it was refused her.

Nevertheless, her first concert took place at the Metropolitan Hall, on Thursday, March 31st, 1853, in the presence of four thousand people.—Subsequently the following publication was placed in her hand:

New York, April 2d, 1853.

MISS ELIZABETH T. GREENFIELD:—

*Madam*,—By the suggestion of many enthusiastic admirers of your talents, I have been induced to address you on the subject of another and second concert, prior to your departure for Europe.

Your advent musical in "Gotham" has not been idly heralded among the true lovers of song, and admirers of exalted genius; of which your unprecedented success on Wednesday evening must have sufficiently convinced you; while all are eloquent in the commendation of your superior powers, and engaging method.

Confiding, Madam, in your reported magnanimity and generosity to oblige, I will divest myself of tedious circumlocution, and fervently exhort you to make a second exhibition of your skill; which, there can be no doubt, will be highly successful to you, and as interesting to your admirers.

THE PUBLIC.

Miss Greenfield embarked from New York in a British steamer, for England, April 6th, 1853, and arrived at Liverpool the 16th of April, 1853; rested over the Sabbath, and proceeded Monday morning to London, in which metropolis she became safely domiciled on the evening of the same day.

But painful trials awaited her from a quarter the most unexpected. The individual with whom she had drawn up the contract for this musical tour was unfaithful to his promises, and she found herself abandoned, without money and without friends, in a strange country.

She had been told Lord Shaftsbury was one of the great good men of England, and she resolved to call upon him in person and entreat an interview,—his lordship immediately granted her request, listened patiently to her history, and directly gave her a letter of introduction to his lawyer.

The following letter from one of her early friends in Buffalo, will relate some of the incidents of her trial:

Buffalo, July 29th, 1853.

Friend Elizabeth,—I have just received your letter of the 25th, and we are all pleased to hear of your good health and improvement in music. I have received two letters before from you, the first with your likeness, and the other with the box of presents for Julia Palmer, and the children, all of whom were much pleased with them.

My health has not been good this summer, and when I have thought of writing to you, my mind has been so confused that I found it impossible to say on paper what I wanted to. I know you must think strange of it, but I know, too, that you will not think we have forgotten you, or that we have ceased to feel a deep interest in your welfare, and future success.

I think Mr. — is not acting right by you, and I wish you had

some disinterested friend to stand by you and make him do as he ought. I received a letter yesterday from Mr. Spooner. He says Antonio has returned to New York, and tells bad stories of ——

If they are true, you ought to call him to account, —— Antonio says —— would not advance you money to pay your doctor's bill, —this he had no right to refuse, whether you have made money or not; and if he refuses to advance you any thing which you require for your health, comfort, or respectability, he breaks the contract, and you are at liberty to do better if you can.

It would do no good for me to write to ——, and it might do you harm. When you left New York I expected Mrs. Howard's brothers would be in England when you arrived there, and I calculated upon their selecting for you some person to act as your friendly adviser in case of need; but they returned earlier than I expected, and arrived in New York about the time you landed at Liverpool. Under these circumstances I see no way for you but to do right yourself, and trust that some distinguished friend will be raised up to you, who has influence and discretion, and who will be willing to tell you what is best, and will stand up as your protector and defender in case of need; and it seems to me, that such a one can be found among your numerous patrons. I know well your honest heart, and I know too that you would rather suffer wrong than do wrong; but it is necessary to you that you be respected, and if —— will not give you money for your necessary expenses he is cheating you; and if he cheats you now, he will continue to do so.

Now, I would advise you to select some person in whom you have confidence—show him this letter, and then do just what he shall advise. You will see *by the contract* that —— is bound to let you have money, for all necessary expenses, whether you *make* money or not; and he is bound to keep a secretary, whose business—among other things—is to show you at all times how your account with Mr. —— stands, as regards receipts from concerts, &c., and expenses paid out for the same. If you cannot make —— do this, I would advise you to leave him any way.

In selecting a friend to advise you, be careful and not select one who has any interest in deceiving you, or who would advise you to do any dishonourable act towards Mr. —— or any one else; for I would rather see you return a beggar than with the name of dishonour or meanness of any kind. If —— acts fairly by you, do the same to him, whether you make money or not;—and this I know you will do, if you can determine what is right.

My health is now improving, and I feel quite myself again. Mrs. Howard and the children have been quite well since you left, and your baby is growing finely. It begins to say pa, pa! and ma ma! and stands by the sofa and chairs; but you won't know it when you return, for its hair is losing its curl and becoming somewhat the colour of my own. We still call her Greenfield, although some of Mrs. Howard's would-be friends are much *shocked* at it. However, Mrs. Howard says you took good care of it when she was not able to; and she thinks the name just as good as the care you gave it. Sarah is improving rapidly in her music, and both she and Mary are making good progress at school. Monsieur and Madame St. Kenney often ask about you, as well as many other of your old friends.

You must keep yourself prudent and discreet, and you will find in England many who will not see you wronged. But I trust that ——— will do right by you, and that you will not have occasion to tax the good offices of any kind friends, that may be made by you while away from your native land. Mrs. Howard and the children send their kindest remembrance and regards to yourself and Anna. Write to me every week, that I may know how you are getting along; and, as my health is improving, I will write to you as often as I think it will be of benefit to you. Truly, your friend,  
H. E. HOWARD.

P. S. Should you have any trouble with ——— and need the original of your contract, I can send it to you by some of the steamers in a short time.  
H. E. H.

It may, perhaps, be considered a providential concurrence that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was in London this same time with Miss Greenfield. We notice in her "Sunny Memories," under the date of May 6th, the following remarks, "A good many calls this morning. Among others, came Miss Greenfield, the (so-called) Black Swan. She appears to be a gentle, amiable, and interesting young person. She was born the slave of a kind mistress, who gave her every thing but education; and, dying, left her free with a little property. The property she lost by some legal quibble, but she had, like others of her race, a passion for music, and could sing and play by ear. A young lady, discovering her taste, gave her a few lessons. She has a most astonishing voice. C. sat down to the piano and played while she sung. Her voice runs through a compass of three octaves and a fourth. This is four notes more than

Malibran's. She sings a most magnificent tenor, with such a breadth and volume of sound, that with your back turned, you could not imagine it to be a woman. While she was there, Mrs. S. C. Hall, of the Irish Sketches, was announced. I told her of Miss Greenfield, and she took great interest in her and requested her to sing something for her. C. played the accompaniment, and she sung *Old Folks at Home*, first in a soprano voice, and then in a tenor or barytone. Mrs. Hall was amazed and delighted, and entered at once into her cause. She said she would call with me and present her to Sir George Smart, who is at the head of the Queen's musical establishment, and, of course, the acknowledged leader of London musical judgment.

In the course of the day I had a note from Mrs. Hall, saying, that as Sir George Smart was about leaving town, she had not waited for me, but had taken Miss Greenfield to him herself. She writes that he was really astonished and charmed at the wonderful weight, compass, and power of her voice. He was also as well pleased with the mind in her singing, and her quickness in doing and catching all that he told her. Should she have a public opportunity to perform, he offered to hear her rehearse beforehand. Mrs. Hall says, "This is a great deal for him, whose hours are all marked with gold."

Again, Mrs. Stowe says, "To-day the Duchess of Sutherland called with the Duchess of Argyle. Miss Greenfield happened to be present, and I begged leave to present her, giving a slight sketch of her history. I was pleased with the kind and easy affability with which the Duchess of Sutherland conversed with her, betraying by no inflection of voice, and nothing in her air or manner, the great lady talking with the poor girl. She asked all her questions with as much delicacy, and made her request to hear her sing with as much consideration and politeness, as if she had been addressing any one in her own circle. She seemed much pleased with her singing, and remarked that she should be happy to give her an opportunity of performing in Stafford House, as soon as she should be a little relieved of a heavy cold which seemed to oppress her at present. This, of course, will be decisive of her favour in London. The Duchess is to let us know when the arrangement is completed.

I never so fully realized, continues Mrs. Stowe, that there really is no natural prejudice against colour in the human mind. Miss Greenfield is a dark mulattress, of a pleasing and gentle face, though by

no means handsome. She is short and thick-set, with a chest of great amplitude, as one would think on hearing her tenor. I have never seen in any of the persons to whom I have presented her, the least indications of suppressed surprise or disgust, any more than we should exhibit on the reception of a dark-complexioned Spaniard or Portuguese.

Miss Greenfield bears her success with much quietness and good sense.

Her grace, the Duchess of Sutherland, afterward became her ever unfailing supporter and adviser.

It became painfully necessary for Miss Greenfield to take the procedure expressed in the following legal notice, (although the bare presentation of the document did not take place until Jan. 12, 1854.)

To MR. —, 29 George Street, Hanover Square, London:

Sir:—The salary of five pounds per week, payable by you to me under our agreement, bearing date the twenty-first day of October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, being in arrears and unpaid for more than five weeks last past, (though repeated applications have been made to you for payment thereof) and the amount now owing to me by you having been demanded, and default being made in payment of the same, and there being other breaches on your part, of the agreement made between us, I do hereby, in pursuance of the power or authority given to me by the said agreement, bearing date the twenty-first day of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and of all other powers and authorities enabling me thereto, give you notice that I do hereby cancel the said agreement, bearing date as aforesaid, and also the agreement dated the sixteenth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, respectively made between you of the one part and myself of the other part, and do hereby declare that the said agreements, respectively, shall be, and become absolutely void on the giving of this notice to you; but without prejudice to my rights and remedies for the recovery of any money that may now be due to me, under or by virtue of the said agreement, or either of them.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ELIZABETH T. GREENFIELD.

The piano forte which previously had been furnished Miss G., to practise upon, was taken from her. The Duchess of Sutherland, upon learning the fact, immediately directed her to select one from



Broadwood's. Her grace, from whom good acts seem constantly to emanate, permitted her to choose one valued at sixty guineas.

Arrangements being completed for a Concert at the Stafford House, the following announcement at the same time was made to the British public:—

27 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square.

The Black Swan, in appealing to the generosity of the British public, assures them that the primary object of her visit to Europe is, to accomplish herself in the science of music, which professional friends earnestly counsel her to pursue, and which she embraces *con amore*, with the confident hope that, by the exercise of her vocal faculties in a more cultured form, she may be able to achieve the great object of her life. She is sensible of the philanthropic spirit of the people of Great Britain, and feels confident that they will receive her appeal with that kindness and forbearance that ever characterizes them in the cause of true humanity.

The Black Swan, therefore, has the honour of informing the nobility, gentry, and public, that she will shortly appear at a grand concert (the particulars of which will be announced) under distinguished patronage.

ELIZABETH T. GREENFIELD.

London, May, 1853.

We cannot refrain from quoting Mrs. Stowe's description of the concert, after dinner at the Stafford house.

"The concert room was the brilliant and picturesque hall I have before described to you. It looked more picture like and dreamy than ever. The piano was on the flat stairway just below the broad central landing. It was a grand piano, standing end outward, and perfectly banked up among hot house flowers, so that only its gilded top was visible. Sir George Smart presided. The choicest of the *élite* were there. Ladies in demi-toilet and bonneted. Miss Greenfield stood among the singers on the staircase, and excited a pathetic murmur among the audience. She is not handsome, but looked very well. She has a pleasing dark face, wore a black velvet head-dress, and white cornelian ear-rings, a black moire antique silk, made high in the neck, with white lace falling sleeves, and white gloves. A certain gentleness of manner and self-possession, the result of the universal kindness shown her, sat well upon her. Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador, sat by me. He looked at her with much interest. "Are the race often as good looking?" he said. I said, "She is not handsome compared with many, though I confess she looks uncommonly well to-day." The singing was beautiful; six of the most cultivated glee singers of London sang,

among other things, "Spring's delights are now returning," and "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I." The Duchess said, "These glees are peculiarly English." Miss Greenfield's turn for singing now came, and there was profound attention. Her voice, with its keen, searching fire, its penetrating vibrant quality, its "*timbre*," as the French have it, cut its way like a Damascus blade to the heart. It was the more touching from the occasional rusticities and artistic defects, which showed that she had received no culture from art. She sung the ballad, "Old folks at home," giving one verse in the soprano, and another in the tenor voice. As she stood partially concealed by the piano, Chevalier Bunsen thought that the tenor part was performed by one of the gentlemen. He was perfectly astonished when he discovered that it was by her. This was rapturously encored. Between the parts, Sir George took her to the piano, and tried her voice by skips, striking notes here and there at random, without connexion, from D in alto to A first space in bass clef; she followed with unerring precision, striking the sound nearly at the same instant his finger touched the key. This brought out a burst of applause."

Lord Shaftsbury was there; he came and spoke to us after the concert. Speaking of Miss Greenfield, he said, "I consider the use of these halls for the encouragement of an outcast race, a consecration. This is the true use of wealth and splendour when they are employed to raise up and encourage the despised and forgotten."

When Mrs. Stowe's account of the concert was read to Miss Greenfield, she remarked—"I *should* have looked well to the lady—for the black moire antique silk in which I was clad was the gift of Mrs. Stowe, and made under her own direction. "It cost her seventy-five dollars." Mrs. Stowe's sympathy seemed ever to have followed her with a watchful care. We find this interesting letter among her papers of this date.

MY DEAR MISS GREENFIELD:—I am sorry I cannot see you before I leave town, but I give you in parting my best wishes. Enclosed you will find the bill for your dress and other things *receipted*—the receipt you had better *keep*, lest by some mistake you be called upon to pay the bill bye and bye—such mistakes sometimes happen.

And now, my dear friend, I hope that you will endeavour always, first of all things, to *do what is right*. Trust in your heavenly Father and Divine Saviour; read the Bible daily, and strive to know his will.

Do not spend your Sundays in idleness or folly, but go regularly to church, and try to profit by what you hear.

I trust that you will read in this little book the text for each day—and I pray God to bless you.

There are a great many temptations in a life like yours, but if you pray to God, he will be your Father and help you always to do right and make your way plain before you.

Let me beg of you to be careful as to your dress. Do not dress *low* in the neck—do not try for showy colours—but keep a *plain modest* respectable style.

It was for this purpose that I furnished you with a suit. These things are very important for one in your position, and if rightly managed will secure for you respect.

In your manners be just as simple as you always have been.—Don't put on anything—don't try to pass for anything but what you really are, and you will keep the friends that you have made. I hope to hear good accounts of you when I return.

Your true and affectionate friend,

(Signed) H. B. STOWE.

If you wish to write to me, carry the letter to Samson Lowe, 47 Ludgate Hill, and he will send it to me. I shall be glad to hear from you.

H. B. S.

At the presentation of the Inkstand, by the ladies of Surrey Chapel to Mrs. Stowe, Miss Greenfield was present and sang some songs. At the Stafford House Mrs. Stowe showed to her grace a note which Miss Greenfield had sent for her to correct. The Duchess said, "O, give it me! it is a great deal better as it is. I like it just as she wrote it." Mrs. Stowe thinks people always like simplicity and truth better than finish.

Tuesday, May 31, 1853.

Miss Greenfield's first public morning concert took place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. She came out under the immediate patronage of her grace the Duchess of Sutherland, her grace the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Earl and Countess of Shaftsbury. It commenced at three o'clock and terminated at five. Mrs. Stowe says, Miss Greenfield did very well, and was heard with indulgence, though surrounded with artists who had enjoyed what she had not—a life's training. I could not but think, remarks Mrs. Stowe, what a loss to art is the enslaving of a race which might produce so much musical talent. Had Miss Greenfield had culture

equal to her voice and ear, *no* singer of any country could have surpassed her. There could be even associations of poetry thrown around the dusky hue of her brow were it associated with the triumphs of art."

The following is the bill of her second grand concert at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. She was assisted by the following eminent artists.

#### PROGRAMME.—PART FIRST.

- Overture in C Minor*,—"Peace and War," . . . . Duggan.  
*Duetto*,—"Dunque io son,"—(Barbieri) M<sup>lle</sup>. Rita Favanti and  
 Mr. Charles Cotton, . . . . . Rosini.  
*Song*,—"I arise from dreams of thee,"—Miss Ursula Barclay,  
 Alfred Mellon.  
*Cavatina*,—"Adelaide"—Signor Gardoni, . . . . Beethoven.  
 "The Cradle Song,"—Miss Greenfield, . . Wallace.  
*Grand Fantasia*,—Piano Forte—Miss Rosina Bentley,  
 (pupil of Miss Kate Loder) (Prophiete) . . . . Lutz.  
*Aria*,—"Sorgete,"—Mr. Cotton . (Maometto) . . . . Rosini.  
*Cavatina*,—(by desire) "Non Piu mesta"—M<sup>dle</sup>. Rita  
 Favanti . (Cenerentola) . . . . . Rosini.  
*Song*,—"The Slave's Dream," . Herr Brandt, . . . Hatton.  
*Song*,—"When the thorn is white with blossom"  
 Mrs. Wokie, (late Miss Fanny Russell, pupil of Mr. Henry  
 Philips,) . . . . . Weber.  
*Variations, Violin*,—"Hilli Milli Puniah," and East Indian air,  
 M. de Valadares, . . . . . Valadares.  
*Song*,—"The Vision of the Negro Slave," Miss Greenfield.  
*Aria*,—"Di pescatore ignobile,"—Mr. Sims Reeves, . Donizetti.  
*Grand Concertante Duetto*,—Violoncello and Contra Basso,  
 Signori Piatti, and Bottesini, (I Puritani,) . . . Bellini.  
*Air*,—"Diamans de le Couronne,"—Miss Louisa Pyne, . . . . Aubert.  
*Solo Tenor Sax Tuba*,—Mr. Henry Distin, . . . . Distin.  
*Scena*,—"Joan of Arc in Prison," Miss Dolby, . Lindsay Sloper.  
*Overture*,—"Fra Diavolo," . . . . . Aubert.

#### PART SECOND.

- Grand Duett for Two Piano-fortes*,—Mrs. Henry Thompson, (late  
 Miss Kate Loder) and her pupil Miss Rosina Bentley, (Huguenots),  
 Osborne.  
*German Song*,—"My heart's on the Rhine," Herr Pischek,  
 Speyer.

- Cavatina*,—"Bell raggio,"—(Semiramide) . . . . . Rossini.  
 Mdle. Rita Favanti,  
*Duetto*,—"Tutto di te sollecito,"—Miss Louisa Pyne and Signor  
 Gardoni. (Adelia) . . . . . Donizetti.  
*Ballad*,—"Sweet Home,"—Miss Stabbach, . . . . . Wrighton.  
*Song*,—"Good bye, sweetheart,"—Mr. Sims Reeves, J. L. Hatton.  
*Fantaisie*,—Violoncello—Signor Piatti, . . . . . Piatti.  
*Aria*,—"Ernani,"—Mrs. Wokie, . . . . . Verdi.  
*A Fireside Song*,—(by desire)—Miss Greenfield, . . . . . Wallace.  
*Solo*,—"Contra Basso," Signor Bottessini, . . . . . Bottessini.  
*German Song*,—(by particular desire) "The Standard Bearer,"  
 Herr Pischek, . . . . . Lindpainter.  
*Scotch Song*,—"Heigho, Janet,"—Miss Dolby, . . . . . Dolby.  
*Song*,—(by desire) "When stars are in the quiet sky,"—Miss Green-  
 field, accompanied by herself on the pianoforte.  
*Finale*,—"Wedding March," . . . . . Mendelssohn.

The London Morning Post says,—A large assemblage of fashionable and distinguished personages, assembled by invitation at Stafford House, to hear and decide upon the merits of a phenomenon, in the musical world. Miss Elizabeth Greenfield, better known in America as the "Black Swan," under which sobriquet she is also about to be presented to the British public. This lady is said to possess a voice embracing the extraordinary compass of nearly three octaves; and her performances on this occasion elicited the unmistakable evidence of gratification. She is, without doubt, deficient in science and cultivation, but she displays remarkable intelligence, and is gifted with feeling and the capacity of conveying it to her auditors.

In the hackneyed song of "Home, sweet home," she produced, by the pathos and expression she contrived to throw into the music, a very decided impression; nor was she less successful in other music of a different character.

Again, the London Observer remarks—"A concert of vocal music was given in the past week, at Stafford House, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, to test and make known the powers and merits of the American vocalist, Elizabeth Greenfield. She is now about twenty-five years of age, and has come to England to perfect herself in singing, in the hope of elevating the popular estimate of her unfortunate race, by the development and display of any artistic talent she may possess. Her *début* was in the highest

degree favourable; Her voice was at once declared to be one of extraordinary compass. Both her high and low notes were heard with wonder by the assembled amateurs, and her ear was pronounced to be excellent.

London Advertiser, of June 16th, contained the following comments. "A concert was given at Exeter Hall last evening by Miss Greenfield, the American vocalist, better known in this country under the sobriquet of the 'Black Swan.' Apart from the natural gifts with which this lady is endowed, the great musical skill which she has acquired both as a singer and an instrumentalist, are convincing arguments against the assertion so often made, that the negro race are incapable of intellectual culture of a high standard. Miss Greenfield, by birth as well as appearance, is decidedly a negress, her father having been a full African, and her mother of mixed extraction. She herself was born and brought up a slave in the United States, although freed at an early age. On the death of her mistress her vocal abilities, which were already known in a limited circle, were, by the judicious assistance of some kind-hearted friends, brought into public notice; and she was enabled to receive the necessary training and instruction. She speedily became a proficient in the art of vocalization; and, after giving a series of concerts in the United States, she felt sufficient confidence in her abilities to resolve on standing the test of an English audience. Her voice is a contralto, of great clearness and mellow tone in the upper register, and full, resonant, and powerful in the lower, though slightly masculine in its *timbre*. It is peculiarly effective in ballad songs of the pathetic cast, several of which Miss Greenfield sang last night in a very expressive manner. She was encored in two, "The Cradle Song," a simple melody by Wallace, and "Home, Sweet Home," which she gave in an exceedingly pleasing manner. The programme of the concert was bountifully drawn up; for, in addition to the attractions of the Black Swan, there was a host of first-rate artists. Herr Brandt, a German artist, with a remarkably sweet voice, sang Professor Longfellow's 'Slave's Dream,' set to very beautiful music by Hatton, in a way that elicited warm applause. Miss Rosina Bentley played a fantasia by Lutz, very brilliantly, and afterwards assisted by Miss Kate Loder, who, however, must now be known as Mrs. Henry Thompson, in a grand duet for two pianofortes, by Osborne. M. Valadares executed a curious Indian air, "Hilli Milli Puniah," on the violin, and Mr. Henry Distin a solo on the sax tuba. The band was admirable, and performed a couple of

overtures in the best manner. Altogether, the concert, which we understand was made under the distinguished patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, was highly successful, and went off to the perfect gratification of a numerous and fashionable audience.

*Words of Miss Greenfield's Grand Concert.*

PART I.

OVERTURE—IN C MINOR.—“PEACE AND WAR.”—DUGGAN.

SONG—“I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.”—ALFRED MELLON.

MISS URSULA BARCLAY.

“I arise from dreams of thee,  
 In the first sweet sleep of night;  
 When winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright;—  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has led me, who knows how,  
 To thy chamber window sweet.  
 Oh take my last fond sigh,  
 I die—I faint—I fall;  
 The dews of night are chill  
 On my lips and eyelids pale;  
 My cheek is cold and white,  
 And my heart beats loud and fast;  
 Oh press it close to thine,  
 Where it will break at last.

CAVATINA.—“ADELAIDE.”—BEETHOVEN.

SIGNOR GARDONI.

Nel giardino solingo v' al tuo bene dolcemente di rose a luce sparso, che  
 frà tremole frondi si diffonde Adelaida!

Nel cristallo del rio, sù nell' alpi, nell' aurate del di cadente nubi, nelle  
 stelle risplende il tuo sembiante, Adelaida!

Nelle tenere frondi garron l' aure e sursurran del Maggio le violette,  
 l' onde fremono, e canta l' usi gnuolo, Adelaida!

Prodigioso! rinasce sulla tomba dalle ceneri del mio cor un fiore, ve su  
 foglie purpure e traluce, Adelaida!

THE CRADLE SONG—WALLACE.

MISS GREENFIELD.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,

Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the drooping moon—  
 And blow him again to me  
 While my little one sleeps.  
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon—  
 Rest, rest on mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon—  
 Father will come to the babe in his nest.  
 Silver sails all out of the west,  
 Under the moon, the silver moon:  
 Sleep, my little one—  
 Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ARIA.—SORGETE E IN SI BEL GIORNO—(Maometto) ROSSINI.

“Sorgete e in si bel giorno  
 O prodi mici guerrieri  
 A Maometto intornuo  
 Venite ad e sultar.  
 Duce di tanti eroi  
 Crollar farò gl' Imperi  
 E volero con voi  
 Del mondo a trionfar.

CAVATINA.—“NON PIU MESTA.”—(Cenerentola) ROSSINI.

MD' LLE. RITA FAVANTI.

RECITATIVE.

Non piu mesta accanto al fuoco starò  
 Sola a gorgheggiar nò; Ah! for un 'lampo  
 Un sogno un gioco il mio lungo palpitar  
 Non più mesta, &c., &c.

ARIA.

Nacqui all' affanno, al pianto.  
 Soffri tacendo il core;  
 Ma per soave incanto  
 Dell' età mia fiore,  
 Come un baleno rapido  
 La sorte mia cangio.  
 Nò, nò! tergete il ciglio,  
 Perchè tremar, perchè?  
 A questo sen volate  
 Figlia, Sorella, Amica,  
 Tutto trovate in me.



## SONG.—“THE SLAVE’S DREAM.”—HATTON.

HERR BRANDT.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,  
 His sickle in his hand,  
 His breast was bare—his matted hair  
 Was buried in the sand;  
 Again in the mist and shadow of sleep  
 He saw his native land,  
 Wide thro’ the landscape of his dream,  
 The Lordly Niger flowed,  
 Beneath the palm trees on the plain  
 Once more a king he strode;  
 And heard the tinkling caravans  
 Descend the mountain road.  
 He saw once more his dark-eyed Queen  
 Among her children stand;  
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
 They held him by the hand;  
 A tear burst from the sleeper’s lids,  
 And fell into the sand.  
 At night he heard the lion roar,  
 And the fierce hyena scream;  
 And the river horse, as he crushed the reeds  
 Beside some hidden stream,  
 And it passed like a glorious roll of drums  
 Through the triumph of his dream;  
 He did not feel the driver’s whip,  
 Nor the burning heat of day,—  
 For death hath illumined the land of sleep;  
 And his lifeless body lay  
 A worn out fetter, that the soul  
 Had broken and thrown away.

## SONG.—“WHEN THE THORN IS WHITE WITH BLOSSOM.”—

WEBER.

MRS. WOKIE.

When the thorn is white with blossom,  
 And the fountain flows again,  
 Tell me, mother, must I fly him  
 If he seek me on the plain;  
 Or the meadow where the primrose first is found,  
 And beneath the spreading beeches  
 Many a violet decks the ground,

When the thorn is white with blossom  
And the fountain flows again.

Should I at the fall of twilight  
Hear afar his flute's soft lays,—  
Mother, must I close the lattice  
If I know for me he plays;  
On the willow where engrav'd I find my name,  
If I linger long to read it,  
Shall I hear my mother blame;  
When the thorn is white with blossom,  
And the fountain flows again.

Tell me if a dewy garland  
Hang beside thy summer bower,  
Twin'd with leaves of fragrant myrtle,  
And each fairest early flower,  
Must it wither, if I know he placed it there?  
Mother, tell me, would you chide me,  
If I bound it round my hair?  
When the thorn is white with blossom,  
And the fountain flows again.

*Variations, Violin.*

“Hilli Milli Puniah,” (an East Indian air,) VALADARES.

SONG.—“THE VISION OF THE NEGRO SLAVE.”

MISS GREENFIELD.

Tortured to death by lash-inflicted wound;  
His head bowed down, and sunk upon the ground;  
Sad was his soul, oppress'd by heavy care.  
Far, far from his home, his heart—deep, dark despair:  
When lo! a vision broke before his sight,  
A vision holy, beautiful, and bright;  
The thorn-crown'd brow, with calm pale look resigned  
Of one who suffered for mankind.

A voice, more sweet than earthly music's thrill,  
Spake to the captive's heart—be patient, still.  
Behold how meekly mercy's palm to win  
He suffered for thy sake, who had no sin,  
As on His Father's throne by suffering gained,  
At length He sitteth, so thy soul, unchained  
By patience and long faith, at last shall bound  
Into Eternal Life, and be with glory crown'd.

AIR—"LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE."—AUBER.

MISS LOUISA PYNE.

Ah! je veux briser ma chaîne,  
 Disait le bel Ivan!  
 Tu causes trop de peine,  
 Amour, va-t' en!  
 Il s'envolait déjà,  
 Ivan le rappela,  
 Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Qui le maudit, toujours y reviendra.

*Solo Tenor Sax Tuba.*—DISTIN.

SCENA.—"JOAN OF ARC IN PRISON."—LINDSAY SLOPER.

MISS DOLBY.

'Tis midnight dark—all lonely in her sorrow,  
 The warrior maiden in her dungeon lies;  
 Not only visions of the fearful morrow  
 Traced as by lightning gleams before her eyes,  
 But dreams come round her of a day more golden,  
 Fond memories of a happy peasant time,  
 Sweet as the melody of ballad olden,  
 The tune of birds, the cheerful hamlet-chime.  
 Oh, mine own fountain! in the glade up-springing,  
 For ever cool beneath the tender leaves,  
 Amid the murmur of thy waters ringing,  
 The fairies talked with me on summer eves;  
 No more—no more to bathe my burning brow—  
 How much I love thee now!  
 O, mine old father, by my fortune saddened,  
 Like autumn field destroyed by sudden blight;  
 Well hath thy homely love my childhood gladdened  
 On many an April morn and winter night!  
 Farewell!—farewell!—thou canst not hear me vow  
 How much I love thee now!  
 No more of dreaming in the leafy forest—  
 The scaffold and the pile are set for me;  
 No more kind smiles, when my heart needs them sorest.  
 The mocking crowd are all I now shall see;  
 Can I not 'scape and hide me? Will no eye  
 Pity my youth?—no ear receive my cry?—  
 Hark! I am heard! Mine angel voices near me,  
 With seraph-clarions through the darkness cheer me!

They bid me once again the armour wear  
 Of faith immortal, won by lowly prayer;  
 And I will triumph o'er my great despair,  
 And lift my eyes to Heaven, and nobly die!

Thou gavest me the battle sword  
 By which the foe did fall;  
 Thou gavest me the crown, O Lord!  
 To crown me King withal!  
 And now Thou givest me the chain  
 My feeble frame upon,  
 Because the mortal was too vain  
 Of deeds thine hand had done!  
 But thou wilt give me, soon, the palm  
 Of triumph o'er despair,  
 That, safe in Thine eternal calm,  
 Thy glorious angels wear!—  
 Wilt stand beside me in the fire,  
 Though keen its torture be;  
 And, when the curling flames aspire,  
 Take up my soul to Thee!"

OVERTURE.—"FRA DIAVOLO."—AUBER.

## PART II.

Grand Duett for two Pianofortes.—OSBORN.

MRS. HENRY THOMPSON AND MISS ROSINA BENTLEY.

GERMAN SONG.—"MY HEART'S ON THE RHINE."—SPEYER,  
 HERR PISCHEK.

My heart's on the Rhine, near my youth's early home,  
 My heart's on the Rhine wheresoever I roam;  
 No river, no country, in all the wide world,  
 Can match with the Rhine and the land of my birth.  
 Amid the gay dance or when sparkles the wine,  
 Still wherever I am, my heart's on the Rhine.

I think with delight on thy broad golden stream,  
 Thy vineyards that smile 'neath the sun's glowing beam;  
 Thy castles that frown from the rock's dizzy height,  
 Thy warriors so brave and thy maidens so bright.  
 My dear native land, may all blessings be thine,  
 Wheresoever I roam, my heart's on the Rhine.  
 My heart's on the Rhine, near my youth's early home,  
 My heart's on the Rhine wheresoever I roam.

DUETTO.—“TUTTO DI TE SOLECITTO.”—DONIZETTI.  
MISS LOUISA PYNE AND SIGNOR GARDONI.

BALLAD.—“SWEET HOME.”—WRIGHTON.

MISS STABBACH.

The dearest spot on earth to me  
Is home, sweet home;  
The fairy land I long to see  
Is home, sweet home.

There how charm'd the sense of hearing,  
There where love is so endearing,  
All the world is not so cheering  
As home, sweet home.

I've taught my heart the way to prize  
My home, sweet home;  
I've learned to look with lover's eyes  
On home, sweet home.

There where vows are truly plighted,  
There where hearts are so united,  
All the world besides I've slighted,  
For home, sweet home.

*Fantasia.*—(*Violoncello.*)—PIATTI.

ARIA.—“ERNANI, ERNANI, INVOLAMI.”—VERDI.

MRS. WOKIE.

Sortie è la notte, e Silva non ritorna!  
Ah, non tornasse ei più!  
Questo odiato veglio,  
Che quale immon pospettro ognor m' insegu  
Col favellar d' amore,  
Più sempre Ernani mi configge in core.  
Ernani! Ernani, involami,  
All' abborrito amplesso.  
Fuggiam—se teco vivere  
Mi sia d' amor concesso.  
Per antri e lande inospite  
Ti seguirà il mio piè.  
Un Eden di delizia.  
Saran quegli antri a me.  
Tutto sprezzo che d' Ernani  
Non favella a questo core,  
Non v' ha gamma che in amore  
Possa l' odio tramotar,  
Vola, o tempo, e presto reca

Di mia fuga il lieto istante  
Vola, o tempo, al core amante.

A FIRE-SIDE SONG.—WALLACE.

MISS GREENFIELD.

When the children are asleep,  
And the early stars retire,  
What a pleasant world comes back  
In the toil of day forgot;  
And the shadows of the past  
How they gather round the fire  
With the friends beloved in years,  
When the fear of death was not.

Then we see the haw thorn hedge  
Newly silvered o'er by May,  
And the ash tree lithe and tall,  
Where the mavis loved to sing;  
And the orchard on the slope,  
With its rosy apples gay;  
And the elder dark with fruit  
That was mirrored in the spring,  
When the children are asleep.

And the angels of our youth,  
That so long in death are cold,  
They are calling us again  
With their voices mild and low,  
Till our minds refuse to dwell  
By the coffin in the mould,  
And arise with them to heaven,  
Where in glory they are now—  
And arise with them to heaven.

Then with thoughts at rest at eve,  
Be so ever hard the day,  
On our spirits cometh down,  
A contentment calm and deep,  
A better than the joys  
Of the noisy and the gay,  
Is our quiet hour of dreams,  
When the children are asleep.

SOLO.—“CONTRA BASSO.”—BOTTESSINI.

SONG.—“THE STANDARD BEARER.”—LINDPAINTER.

HERR PISCHEK.

Where floats the standard o'er the tented plain,  
His lonely watch the minstrel knight is keeping,

And thus beguiles the time with tuneful strain,  
 His silver lute with mailed finger sweeping,  
 The lady of my love I do not name,  
 I dare not hope my love can be requited;  
 Yet I will fight for liberty and fame,  
 Beneath the banner where my vows were plighted,  
 Beneath the banner where my vows were plighted.

The night is gone, the battle comes with day,—  
 Behold the bard, surrounding foes defying;  
 Red carnage marks his presence in the fray,  
 While still he sings, amid the dead and dying,  
 The lady of my love I may not name,  
 I dare not hope my love can be requited;  
 Then let me die for liberty and fame,  
 Beneath the banner where my vows were plighted,  
 Beneath the banner where my vows were plighted.

The fight is won; death sated quits the field,—  
 Yet still the faithful bard, while life is fleeting,  
 Expiring, lies upon his gory shield,  
 This dying note with feeble voice repeating,  
 The lady of my love I do not name,  
 In heaven above we yet may be united;  
 I fought and fell for liberty and fame,  
 Beneath the banner where my vows were plighted,  
 Beneath the banner where my vows were plighted.

SCOTCH SONG.—“HEIGH HO, JANET.”—DOLBY.

MISS DOLBY.

They're wild with joy in Edinbro', they're feastin in Dundee,  
 And a' because my bonnie lad is coming hame to me;  
 He's coming o'er the salt sea, with a' his noble train,  
 And Royal Charlie sure shall hae the throne again.  
 Heigh ho! Janet go, pit your wheelie past;  
 The lad we dearly luvè is coming hame at last.

Oh! gin I had in Scotland's bank twalve hunderd thousand poun's,  
 I gie it all to see my Charlie marching through the town;  
 Wi' pibrochs loudly sounding, and banners waving high,  
 All hearts resolved to conquer in his cause or die.  
 Heigh ho! Janet go, spin na mair the day;  
 He's coming that's mair welcome than the flowers in May.  
 Heigh ho! Janet go, pit your wheelie past;  
 The bonnie lad we luvè is coming hame at last.

## SONG.—“WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKY.”

MISS GREENFIELD.

When stars are in the quiet skies,  
 Then must I pine for thee,  
 Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,  
 As stars look on the sea,  
 For thoughts like waves that glide by night  
 Are stillest when they shine;  
 Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,  
 As stars look on the seas.”

There is an hour, when angels keep  
 Familiar watch o'er men,  
 When scores of souls are wrapt in sleep;  
 Sweet spirit, meet me then.  
 There is an hour when holy dreams,  
 Whose fairest spirit glide,  
 And in that mystic hour it seems,  
 Thou should'st be by my side.

FINALE.—“WEDDING MARCH.”—MENDELSSOHN.

In July she gave two grand concerts in the Town Hall in Brighton, under the patronage of her grace the Duchess of Sutherland, her grace the Duchess of Norfolk, her grace the Duchess of Beaufort, her grace the Duchess of Argyll, the most noble the Marchioness of Ailesbury, the most noble the Marchioness of Kildare, the most noble the Marquis of Lansdown, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Carlisle, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Granville, the countess of Wilton, the Viscountess Palmerston, the lady Constance Grosvenor, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

*Vocalists.*—Miss E. T. Greenfield, (the Black Swan,) Madam Taccani, Countess Tasca, Mr. Emanuel Roberts, (Queen's concerts.)

*Instrumentalists.*—Piano-forte soloist, Miss Rosina Bentley, (Pupil of Miss Kate Loder,) violin, M. de Valadares, (pupil of the conservatoire, Paris.) Accompanist, Mons. Edouard Henri, conductor, Mr. F. Theseus Stevens.

She gave a series of concerts at the Rotunda in Dublin, Ireland.

Programme of Miss GREENFIELD's benefit concert, August 17th, 1853.

*Vocalists.*—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, and Mr. W. Harrison,—Pianist, Miss Rosina Bentley,—Violinist, M. de Valadares from the East Indies,—Accompanyist, Mr. R. Thomas.



## PART FIRST.

*Glee*,—"Ye spotted snakes,"—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss Greenfield, and Mr. Harrison.

*Cavatina*.—"Fra poco a me,"—(Lucia di Lammermoor,) Donizetti,—Mr. W. Harrison.

*Grand Fantasia*,—Piano-forte, (Lucrezia)—Leopold de Meyer.  
Miss Rosina Bentley.

*Song*,—"Sweetly o'er my senses stealing," . . . Bishop.  
Miss Greenfield.

*Air*,—"Io ti lascio," . . . . . Mozart.  
Miss Louisa Pyne.

*Air Varie*,—violin, (Il passionata,) . . . . . Remy.  
M. de Valadares.

*Ballad*,—(by desire,) "Old folks at home," . . . —  
Miss Greenfield.

## PART SECOND.

*Duett*.—"Two merry Minstrels," . . . . . Glover.  
The Misses Pyne.

*Ballad*,—"Oh! whisper what thou feelest," . . . Richards.  
Mr. W. Harrison.

*Ballad*,—"Holy beauty! child of nature," . . . Donizetti.  
Miss Greenfield.

*Serenade*,—(Don Pasquale,) . . . . . Piano-forte.  
Miss Rosina Bentley, . . . . . Thalberg.

*Duetto*.—"Da quel di,"—(Linda) . . . . . Donizetti.  
Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

*Song*,—"Old love and the new," . . . . . Smart.  
Miss Pyne.

*Variations*,—On an East India national air,— "Hilli Milli  
Puniah."—M. de Valadares. .

*Ballad*,—"My heart is breaking," . . . . . Templar.  
Miss Louisa Pyne.

*Song*,—"Sound the Trumpet."—Miss Greenfield.

Pianist accompagnateur,—Mr. R. Thomas,—(Royal academy of  
music.)

In October, 1853, we find her again at the Beaumont Institution, Beaumont square, Mile-end, London,—at Mr. Cotton's Concert, supported by Miss Greenfield, Miss Poole, the Misses M'Alpine, Miss Alleyne, Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Suchet Champion, Mr. Charles Cotton, the German Glee Union, and the East Indian Violinist, M. de Valadares.

*Conductor*, Herr Ganz.

## PART FIRST.

- Glee*,—"Maying,"—(Glee Union,) . . . Müller.  
*Song*,—"Cradle Song,"—(Miss E. T. Greenfield,) . Wallace.  
*Aria*,—"Gid d'insolito,"—(Mr. Charles Cotton,) . Rossini.  
*Ballad*,—"My pretty Jane,"—(Mr. Augustus Braham,)—Bishop.  
*Scena*,—"Softly sighs,"—(Miss Alleyne,) . Webber.  
*Song*,—"She is not here,"—(Mr. Suchet Champion,)—M'Farren.  
*Ballad*,—"Go bird of summer,"—(Miss Pool,)—Walter Maynard.  
*Duett*,—"Two merry Minstrels,"—(the Misses M'Alpine,)—  
 Glover.  
*Cavatina*,—"Hear me, gentle Maratina,"—(Mr. Charles Cotton,)—  
 Wallace.  
*Song*,—"Home, sweet Home,"—(Miss E. T. Greenfield.)—Bishop.

## PART SECOND.

- Glee*,—"Maiden, listen,"—(Glee Union,) . . C. F. Adam.  
*Irish Melody*,—"Oft in the stilly night,"—(Mr. Augustus Bra-  
 ham,) . . . Moore.  
*Duett*,—"La ci darem,"—(Miss Poole and Mr. Charles Cotton,)—  
 Mozart.  
*Solo*,—violin—(M. de Valadares.)  
*Spanish Song*,—"Riqui, Riqui,"—(Miss Alleyne,)— Garcia.  
*Song*,—"Bay of Biscay,"—(Mr. Augustus Braham,)— Davy.  
*Scotch Duet*,—(unaccompanied)—the Misses M'Alpine.  
*Song*,—"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,"—(Mr. Charles  
 Cotton,) . . . Knight.  
*Ballad*,—"I would not be forgotten,"—(Mr. Suchet Champion,)—  
 Thirlwall.  
*Duet*,—"I am free,"—(Miss E. T. Greenfield,)— C. W. Glover.  
*Glee*,—"Beware,"—(Glee Union.) . . . Hatton.

October, 1853, at the hall of the Golden Lion Hotel, Stirling, under the special patronage of Colonel Maxwell and the officers of her Majesty's eighty-second regiment.

*Artists*.—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss E. T. Greenfield.  
 —*Pianist*, Miss Rosina Bentley, —*Violinist*, M. de Valadares.

## PROGRAMME,—PART FIRST.

- Grand duo Concertante*,—Piano-forte and violin,— (Gulielmo  
 Tell.)—(Miss Rosina Bentley and M. De Valadares,) Os-  
 borne and Beriot.  
*Cradle song*,—"Sleep and rest,"—(Miss Greenfield,) Wallace.

- Grand scena*,—"All is lost," "Still so gently,"—(La Somnambula,)—(Mr. W. Harrison,) . . . . . Bellini.
- Air and variations*,—"Cease your funning,"—(Miss Louisa Pyne,) . . . . . Dr. Arne.
- Grand variations*,—Piano-forte,—"The Cracovienne,"—(Miss Bentley,) . . . . . Wallace.
- Duett*,—"I am free."—(written expressly for Miss Greenfield,)—  
Stephen Glover.
- Glee*,—"Ye spotted snakes,"—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss Greenfield, and Mr. W. Harrison.

## PART SECOND.

- Duett*,—"O Maritina,"—(Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mr. W. Harrison,) . . . . . Wallace.
- Scotch Ballad*,—"Annie Laurie,"—Miss Pyne.
- Ballad*,—"Home, sweet Home,"—(Miss Greenfield,) . . . Bishop.
- Solo, Violin*,—"Carnival de Venice, . . . M.de Valadares.
- Ballad*,—"Remember Me,"—(Mr. W. Harrison.) . . . Balfe.
- Ballad*,—"The Summer Night,"—(Miss Louisa Pyne,) . . .  
L. Philips.
- Song*,—"When Stars are in the quiet Sky,"—(Miss Greenfield.)
- Duett*,—"I know a bank,"—(The Misses Pyne,) . . . Home.

Nov. 3. 1853,—at Albion Hall, Hammersmith, she made her appearance, under the patronage of her grace, the Duchess of Sutherland, her grace the Duchess of Norfolk, her grace the Duchess of Beaufort, her grace the Duchess of Argyll, the most noble the Marchioness of Aylesbury, the most noble the Marchioness of Kildare, the most noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl and Countess of Shaftsbury, Earl of Carlisle, Countess of Jersey, Countess of Granville, Countess of Wilton, Viscountess Palmerston, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

*Artists*,—Miss E. T. Greenfield, Miss J. Brougham, Miss E. Brougham, Mr. Charles Cotton, Mr. Augustus Braham, the eminent Tenor,—Piano-forte, Miss Eliza Ward.

At the Theatre Royal, Lincoln, Dec. 23, 1853,—under the same distinguished patronage as at Hammersmith.

*Artists*,—Mrs. Alexander Newton (of her Majesty's Grand National Concerts,) Miss Ward, Miss E. T. Greenfield, Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Charles Cotton (from Milan,) Mr. Distin.

Again to verify the fact of her having received the attention of very distinguished personages, the following certificates are laid before the reader:—

Sir George Smart has the pleasure to state that her Majesty, Queen Victoria, commanded Miss Greenfield to attend at Buckingham Palace, on May the 10, 1854, when she had the honour of singing several songs, which he accompanied on the piano forte.

Sir George Smart has given Miss Greenfield some lessons in singing, which she received with much attention and evident improvement.

To Miss Greenfield, from Sir George Smart, Kn't, Organist and Composer, to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, June 24th, 1854, No. 91, Gr. Portland St. London.

This is to certify that Miss Greenfield had the honour of singing before Her Majesty the Queen, at Buckingham Palace. By Her Majesty's command,

C. B. PHIPPS,

Buckingham Palace, Ju. 22, 1854, London.

Col. Phipps has received the commands of Her Majesty, the Queen, to forward to Miss Greenfield the accompanying check for twenty pounds, as a remuneration for singing before Her Majesty this day.

Buckingham Palace, May 20, 1854.

In May, 1854, she received an invitation through the Rev. Mr. Geary, to sing at a concert to be given for the benefit of the distressed Needlewomen's Society; but declined being advised not to sing at public concerts until her return to the United States. She, therefore, sang only at private parties until July 1854, when that same noble benefactress, the Duchess of Sutherland, secured for her two places in the Indiana Steamer Packet for New York, and sent a note through her Secretary, Mr. Jackson, requesting that the account which was then due for her lodgings, up to the time of her leaving, should be made out to await his call.

With a warm invitation to revisit England at some future period, she embarked at Southampton to return to America.

THE END.

in endless masses. Think  
the current military who have  
comfort". I charge you all men  
your rivals) to find the prize  
the poor that cry & "I have  
been come to help them". I am  
must. Family to my dear & affl  
wife not to come on for the  
out at any rate. I will now put  
you my reasons for doing so. First  
it will wear up all the I can wear  
men here & <sup>at all</sup> things to be done, to make  
family & children comfortable. Hence  
let me tell you that this is the  
is now coming in your behalf may  
not always follow you. This is the  
little rub of the romantic about  
helping poor widows & children. Then  
the "about bying" to be seen from  
wiggers". Again the little comfort  
might afford in to meet again as  
be doing ought of the house of a man  
behaviour. The must lead - I feel a  
and in us by great - <sup>Oriad</sup> such  
circumstances, ~~there~~ any ad. to be dis-  
of the house on her the must be  
as a <sup>poor</sup> Mock thing that then  
whole young with coming & going  
to be remarked when in any work  
word & action of all but of life  
things & by all looking happy. For

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